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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY



FEDERATION JUBILEE

The story of Australia's flag

See page 17

12 GOOD REASONS why you need 'ASPRO' MORE THAN EVER IN SUMMER

FLING OFF HEADACHES *without after-effects*

When you relieve a headache the 'Aspro' way it's TRUE relief. There are no hazy, dizzy, giddy after-effects to spoil your day—right away you are back in the fun as full of zest and as clear-headed as ever. Fling off summer headaches with 'Aspro'!



S-L-E-E-P! THROUGH THE HOTTEST NIGHTS *Keep up VIGOUR!*

Sleep to schedule! Maintain health, strength, vigour! 'Aspro' induces sweet, restful slumber and because it has no after effects you waken thoroughly refreshed!



ENJOY THE SUN! *Stop Sunburn pain & other sun troubles*

Ease Sunburn Pain. Get relief from overheating and feverishness too, with the anti-pyretic (fever reducing) properties of 'Aspro'. Every time you go out to enjoy the sun take 'Aspro' with you and be on the safe side.



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Most of the minor troubles that make the kiddies peevish—and make them a trial to you—are easily soothed away with 'Aspro'. A most comforting thought is that because it is so SAFE, 'Aspro' can be given according to directions, to children of any age, as often as necessary without the slightest fear.



Soothe away HEAT AND HUMIDITY IRRITABILITY

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When housework tells and you feel jaded and nerve-racked try this—'ASPRO' AND A CUP OF TEA. The tea cools you—the 'Aspro' soothes and calms you. It's a wonderful combination every housewife should know.



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Keeping eyes glued to the road can be nerve-racking. Even as a passenger you can easily develop "car headache" and other discomforts. 'Aspro' can help you over such troubles, swiftly, soothingly. Always keep 'Aspro' in the car pocket.



STOP SUNGLARE HEAD-PAINS

When glare makes your head throb and throb, remember the swift pain-stopping action of 'Aspro'. There's nothing half-hearted about the way 'Aspro' works—the most trying sunglare headaches are swiftly soothed away.



CONQUER HEAT EXHAUSTION *in a natural way*

The nervy, "washed up," exhausted feeling so prevalent in summer is not overcome by stimulation. That's false—just like using up to-morrow's energy today. In the summer you need to CONSERVE energy. You need to keep calm and steady while energy builds up in a natural way. 'Aspro'—the great soother—will bring you the calm and comfort you need.



SUDDEN CHANGES *Beware!*

Those sudden weather changes in summer can bring colds just as serious as in winter. Be on guard all the time. That means have your 'Aspro' ready for emergency. Remember, too, 'Aspro' makes a splendid gargle for sore throats.



WHEN PAINS AND BACKACHES COME . . .

'Aspro' is every woman's friend not only because it stops the pain, but because it does so without after-effects. This wonderful advantage of 'Aspro' enables every busy woman to get relief and carry on as usual—no slowing up, no dizziness, no feeling of depression.



'ASPRO' THE MOST PRECIOUS ITEM IN YOUR HOLIDAY CASE

There's no need to mention the dozens of ways 'Aspro' can help you at holiday time. But there IS need to remind you to make quite certain you include a packet—or better still a large bottle (100 tablets) for 4/-—in your holiday case.



SAFETY FIRST!

'Aspro' does not
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HEART OR
STOMACH



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2 JAN 1961
NEW SOUTH WALES

Mr Maitland and his stroke of genius

by
KEITH
YOUNG

"Are you ever going to tell anyone, Hugh?" she asked.
"No," he laughed.

A story may be good but the story behind it is sometimes better, even if it's never told.

HUGH MAITLAND had written a masterpiece, a work of genius. The critics were all agreed and, not troubling to dissemble their bemused wonder, told of it in their several ways. A stately Sunday paper wrote with the deep satisfaction of one who had long foreseen it.

A progressive weekly, throwing off disbelief with a noble gesture, treated it with dewy-eyed penitence.

A well-known radio commentator, voicing the opinion of the uncritical reader, said that it was no surprise to him; Maitland had always written masterpieces, jolly good yarns all of them.

And indeed they were. For Hugh Maitland regularly twice a year, without great effort, but with the conscientious attention of the good craftsman that he was, turned out a novel. They were always the same unpretentious stories, simply told; mildly sentimental, so that nice old ladies liked them and gave them away as Christmas presents; easy to follow with plenty of dialogue, so that tired bread-winners and housewives in suburbs could wend their ways through the plots without undue fatigue.

No one else, least of all their author, claimed for them greatness in the least degree; and yet they had the merit of authenticity which lifted them out of the common run. The characters were real and lively, and so they should have been, because, as his friends knew, they owed little to invention. The brush of genius had never touched Hugh Maitland, but, as he sold his twenty thousand every time, he was well content.

The critics usually treated him with kindness, for they liked him, but with patronage and even a hint of contempt, because they had their reputations to keep. They told the Philistines that here once more was a Maitland novel as good as the last, but with a sting only appreciable to the intelligentsia, that if it were no worse, it was certainly no better.

Hugh Maitland lived apart from most of his literary colleagues in a backwater of domestic bliss, surrounded by his children, that was considered a trifle squalid. At parties he was dull and provincial, but worst of all he never went

without his wife. The position was summed up by Robert Lemoine, the most influential of the critics, when he said that Hugh was not an artist but a business man, with no taste for literature, but with a knack of telling stories.

Yet it was Lemoine who had first bruted it abroad that Hugh had written a masterpiece. Only he could have dared, for Hugh's reputation as a hack writer was well established.

Lemoine's article on Friday was read with some anxiety by those who had already sent theirs in, but all was well; with the full weight of his authority behind his pen he had written in sonorous, telling phrases all that he had said and more.

"Maitland's style," he wrote, "is familiar to us. He still uses the same simple clipped sentences, crisply phrased;

the bare necessities of narrative as always, balanced but unrelieved by decoration. It is mundane and quite without distinction, but the contrast with the veiled, elusive substance it unfolds from this bare pedestrian prose adds a savor of delicious humor. It is by striving for a noble end, not attaining a lesser, that great works of art are born, and the artistic aims of this book are high."

Here the readers winced a little and skipped a paragraph of tortuous erudition. "If at times the significance of the deceptively simple writing is attended by obscurity, enlightenment awaits us in the final stroke of genius, the most brilliant punctuation of all time; the ultimate semicolon on which the book ends."

Hugh's regular readers were disappointed and puzzled. Shrugging their shoulders they searched for less progressive authors who ended their books with the customary full stop. But the book sold edition after edition, both at home and in America, found great favor in France, and the author was said to have made over ten thousand pounds out of it.

Hugh Maitland weathered the success and lionisation that it brought him with an admirable detachment; but could any modesty stand unmolested by such catastrophic success? Apparently it could, for as the months passed there was no change in his self-effacing demeanor.

The critics found it unnerving, and sometimes at functions where his praise was sung in the flowery idiom of after-dinner speech, they thought they saw a fleeting look of malice cross his face; he seemed to lick his lips as a cat will, playing with a mouse. Fear clutched at their hearts; had they been fooled, did he plan some devastating disclosure?

But nothing happened; Hugh remained his modest retiring self, speaking of his work with customary diffidence; and his wife, when interviewed by the women's papers, simply smiled, saying that it was too subtle for her, she preferred his earlier books.

No one realised what an important part she played in the production of her husband's books. He always used her as his first and private critic. But she had been abroad when the novel had been sent to the publishers and had not returned until it was in the hands of the reviewers.

When she returned she had read the reviews, and it was with some trepidation that Hugh handed her a copy of the novel, but at the same time he had a feeling of pleasurable anticipation at the thought of telling her its history.

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ILLUSTRATED BY KEITH DALGLEISH

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—January 6, 1951

Page 3



"When summer skies are blue..."

You'll want to be the loveliest thing under the sun. Miss Arden shows you how, with Sunpruf Cream you can tan to a golden brown with never a hint of redness. Non-greasy, it is a coolly lovely powder base. For glamour, powder to match your sun tinted skin, with the gayest of lipsticks in a harmonising summer shade.

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BLUE GRASS DUSTING POWDER
SLEEK—a fragrant cream depilatory
BLUE GRASS CREAM DEODORANT



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Mr. Maitland and his Stroke of Genius

Continued from page 3

NOW it happened that Robert Lemoine and he were friends. The brilliant Robert found the level temperature of Hugh's company soothing to his own volatile spirit. He valued Hugh's advice, his sound judgment, his reliable taste, and found that discussing his own work with Hugh had the sobering effect it often needed to give it depth and firmness.

He had been staying one week-end with Maitland some nine months earlier. One evening he asked by chance and out of politeness to read Hugh's new novel, then in its first typescript draft. When Hugh had handed him the sheaf of flimsy paper, he started to read, with the incredible speed born of practice.

Hugh's novels had always followed a changeless pattern. There was the introductory passage in which the main characters were firmly outlined. Then in bright primary colors the principal theme and its development were painted in, the subsidiary themes being, as it were, added in pastel and half-tones as decoration that did not take the mind of the reader away from the main subject.

Lastly, the loose ends were neatly tied up as the inevitable happy ending came in sight: no ambiguity, nothing unexplained, and the point of the story standing out plain as a beacon.

Sipping his sherry contentedly, Robert settled down to this intellectual rest-cure; he'd have to read it some time anyway, and already the phrases he would use in his review started to form in his mind. "Charming but facile... practised craftsmanship... not very original but saved from the banal by the freshness of his characterisation..."

His brain, only half-attending, received a tiny jolt, like a listener at a concert feels when a sudden change of key, unheralded by modulation, will bring his wandering attention. It happened again; something faintly obscure was going on, and his excitement rose as, unnoticed, his glass was refilled half a dozen times. There was something elusive that he could not quite define, which puzzled him, and, when he reached the end, he thought for a moment that he had missed the point.

Impossible! The point of Hugh's novels was always there in high relief for the most obtuse to see. He glanced again at the end and saw the famous semi-colon.

For a moment, a significant moment for English literature, his mind boggled and then, as if a switch were thrown, he was flooded with enlightenment. Of course, how stupid! That was the clue that he should have seen at a glance. The time convention had been discarded, this novel was no mere slice

of time, but a progression ending on an unresolved discord, so that the mind, led on, sought in itself the resolution. It was brilliantly done; who could have suspected Hugh of such subtlety?

If Robert had a fault as a critic it was his habit of exuberant over-elaboration. Authors sometimes had occasion for surprise and even gratification at the deep spiritual and psychological truths which Robert's inspired delvings unearthed in their work. Few complained or admitted their own surprise.

In this novel Hugh had in fact tried to be more subtle; but he was nevertheless startled at the warmth of Robert's praise. If the reasoning behind it, which Robert gave in full, caused him some surprise, he did not show it, but silently resolved to re-read the work that night.

Hugh did not have to search far. Two whole chapters and several pages, including the last seven, were missing.

In the incomplete typescript the chapters were unnumbered and where the margin was caught together in the cardboard file the page numbers were hidden. Furthermore, by a curious chance, where the pages were missing the words ran together to make perfect sense.

If he told Robert now, his friend would be deeply wounded, for his sense of humor did not embrace ridicule of his aesthetic sense.

So Hugh left it.

But then Hugh's problem loomed largely ahead. If he published the novel in its complete form it would be unfair to Robert and the anticlimax would do himself no good.

Only two courses were open to him: not to publish, which would cost him six months' work, hundreds of pounds (and he had the children to think of), or to publish it in the form in which Robert had seen it. Taking his courage in both hands, he sent it to the publishers as it was.

His wife was a slow reader, so that it was two days before she laid the book aside. Not until then did he tell her the whole story.

"Poor Robert," she said. "And yet, you know, even though it is by mistake there's something in what he says. There is something intriguing, elusive about the incompleteness of it. No one would think of such a simple explanation as missing pages."

Hugh nodded. "Yes, I think I agree with you."

"Are you ever going to tell anyone?"

"No," said Hugh, shaking his head. "I've sent the missing pages to the bank with sealed instructions to my literary executor to publish them when my books no longer sell. The whole story will come out, and it will sell all over again, the children will benefit quite nicely, I hope."

His wife was touched. "I do think it's nice of you to think of the children."

Hugh smiled grimly. "It's they who have the right to benefit really, you know. I found the missing pages in their toy cupboard."

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Interesting People



MISS LEAH BUTTON

... housewife, executive

ONLY woman sales manager for beauty preparations in Australia is chic Leah Button, recently appointed as sales manager for Australia of a leading manufacturing company. Wife of publicity officer K. S. Blakeney, she successfully combines life of executive with that of busy housewife. "Secret of success is organisation," she says. "Efficient business women make best housewives." Spick and span Kirribilli (Sydney) flat is evidence of this. She spends holidays fishing.



PROFESSOR PATRICK DAUNT

... importance of humanities

YOUNGEST professor ever to be appointed to an Australian university is handsome 25-year-old Patrick Daunt, brilliant Oxford graduate, at present a classics lecturer at Sydney University. Professor Daunt, who specialises in Ancient History, will become Professor of Classics and Ancient History at University of W.A. next year. Served as sub-lieutenant in R.N. during war. Says classics should be basis of all university Arts courses. Swims and plays squash when he has any spare time.



MISS DORIS WILKINS

... helps mentally ill

AMERICAN occupational therapist Doris F. Wilkins takes up new appointment for three years as principal of Occupational Therapy School of Victoria. Graduated from Massachusetts University. Been training students for past six years at University of New Hampshire, U.S. Helped rehabilitate wounded servicemen during war. Says occupational therapy is important scientific treatment of sick. Will guide 30 Victorian students through their three-year course of 21 subjects.

BY
**GABRIEL
DUNDAS**

ILLUSTRATED
BY FISCHER

Holidays don't last

THE Edinburgh Festival was in its third and final week. The trams were gay with colored bunting and Princes Street was full of foreign accents.

Americans jostled round the notice boards which announced "We have your tartan here," and residents, fighting their way along the crowded pavement towards office or ration counter, paused to look wistfully at shop windows full of half-forgotten luxuries labelled "For Overseas Visitors Only."

Karen walked lightly towards the tram stop. Nobody seeing her shining morning freshness, the ordered swirls of her hair, and the immaculacy of her nail polish could have guessed that since six that morning she had scrubbed the kitchen floor, cooked breakfast, got two children out of bed, washed up, made three beds, and peeled the potatoes.

Half an hour later, she was at the Festival Club. Just to sit there and watch people thrilled her. Everybody came at morning coffee time. There was the well-known kilted poet whose photograph had been in the evening paper the day before; there was the leading contralto from the opera her employers, the MacMorrairs, had taken Karen to; and surely the girl in red must be a visiting film star—no one else would wear such long false eyelashes at 11 a.m.!

And there, thought Karen, is that good-looking young man again. It wasn't anybody famous this time—or at least not so far as Karen knew. He didn't collect an audience like the celebrities, but he was very intriguing.

Artistic, she thought, to judge from his nice tweeds and matching hand-woven tie. Intellec-

tual, probably literary, from his pipe, the length of his hair, and the notebook he sometimes took out to jot things down. And handsome, in a rugged, shortish, dark-haired way particularly fascinating to one used to tall, blond Norwegians.

There is that girl again, thought John Stevenson. For a week he had kept on seeing her—at the theatre; in an art gallery, working systematically round the rooms, catalogue in hand, and several times alone in the Festival Club.

She was foreign, of course; Scandinavian, judging from her ash-blond hair and smooth honey-gold tan. And rich in all probability.

She was, John decided for the tenth time, probably quite useless; but very lovely to look at. It would be nice to look a bit closer.

He had bullied himself, in the past three weeks, into introducing himself to a lot of people he would normally have been shy of meeting.

"Good morning!" he said tentatively. "Do you mind if I sit here?"

When Karen was shy, she spoke with careful deliberation, so as not to stammer. When she was very shy, she forgot her English altogether. She forgot it now, looking up at the handsome young man who had so incredibly stopped beside her. To fill in time she smiled at him, not too widely, and remembered with relief an English phrase that would just suit the occasion.

"But do!" Karen said.

"Are you 'doing' the Festival?" John asked.

"Yes. Edinburgh is a beautiful city, is it not?"

"It isn't bad," conceded John. "You're from overseas, then?"

"I come from Norway."

"Ah, yes. I thought perhaps you might."

"Do you live in Edinburgh?" Karen asked.

"No. I'm here," John explained, "representing the 'Voyager' at the Festival. You know, the London weekly paper. A new one, but quite good."

Karen said politely that it sounded an interesting job. "Do you write about the theatre?" she asked, "Or the concerts?"

"A bit of both," John replied. "This isn't my regular job—I just took it on for the Festival."

"I see," Karen murmured.

She was deeply impressed. What was his permanent profession, she wondered—perhaps he was a writer, or a poet?

"There are so many interesting people here," she remarked. "I expect you know a lot of them."

John did—he had had to find out. He pointed out celebrities to Karen for twenty minutes, while she studied them earnestly and murmured the names over to herself to memorise them.

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John remembered seeing this girl before and decided to introduce himself.

Lallie yearned to be like Miss Johnson—

But

FRED sighed. He was beginning to get very tired of Lallie's wonderful Miss Johnson, and the descriptions of her which Lallie gave with shining eyes and breathless voice. He had heard so much of her ever since Lallie had got this new job.

This time, however, he took her arm affectionately and told her she was every bit as wonderful as Miss Johnson.

For some reason this did not please Lallie. She said indignantly: "You wouldn't say that if you knew her. You couldn't. Why—she's like a princess; she's—"

"Let's go to the pictures," Fred said sensibly.

But no sooner had the big picture started than it was borne in upon Fred that he was not destined for the cosy evening he had anticipated, with Lallie's arm linked through his.

Lallie sat up straight, completely absorbed in the film. It was one of those sophisticated Secretary-Marries-Boss stories—the secretary being an exquisitely groomed girl who knew all the answers, had a highly practised technique for keeping wolves at bay, yet nevertheless remained a lady.

She reminded Lallie of Miss Johnson.

"Miss Johnson wears her hair like that sometimes," she confided.

Fred looked bored and the corners of his mouth turned down.

Walking home, Fred slid his arm round Lallie's small waist, but they reached the gate before he managed to persuade her there were other absorbing things in life apart from Miss Johnson, and then only for a few moments. Once inside the house in the privacy of her bedroom, Lallie's thoughts turned again to Miss Johnson.

Removing her make-up, Lallie wondered wistfully what sort of foundation cream was used by Miss Johnson. Of course she had a wonderful skin—no lines, no blemishes, and she must be all of thirty. Oh, if only one could ask her!

Lallie stepped out of her tan jersey cloth dress. It was new; Fred liked it; Lallie had liked it until she saw Miss Johnson's—the same color, the same cloth, but it looked very different. Lallie's dress had what the saleswoman had described as "fashion points"—deep revers and cap sleeves.

Miss Johnson's dress had a plain neckline round which she wore a four-strand pearl choker. Lallie sighed and discontentedly transferred her own dress to a hanger.

She brushed her hair—it was such wispy stuff, completely at the mercy of the weather. Her home perm had been done in a hurry and several strands had escaped the winders; they hung, lank and discouraged, down Lallie's thin neck.

Lallie hastily pinned them up, unfolded the nightie she had made herself—and which had not turned out right—and climbed into bed, not, alas, to dream of Fred, but of herself metamorphosed into Miss Johnson.

Lallie, as a junior, got the least interesting jobs to do at the office. She was frequently bored, and to offset this she wove wonderful stories round her heroine. Her favorite story was one in which Miss Johnson had a secret lover—Fabian—somebody very high up in the Diplomatic Service or the Foreign Office; somebody almost royal who couldn't marry Miss Johnson because he was being forced to make a marriage of convenience.

Lallie intended to end the story some day.

So Lallie typed and worked and romanced and time passed swiftly and pleasantly. She hated to think of how boring work might be if Miss Johnson were less wonderful. She noted every detail of Miss Johnson's dress, every trick and gesture, every inflexion of her voice. And if she didn't quite know the number of Miss Johnson's eyelashes she could at least have guessed.

Miss Johnson's infinite variety enchanted Lallie as much as anything—a new dress, a new perfume, a new jewellery feature. There was the day she arrived with a new hair-do. It was deceptively simple, but definitely smart. Lallie gasped with admiration and made a quick sketch on her blotter, tore the piece off and, that afternoon being Saturday, took it along to her hair-dresser.

"I want a hair style exactly like this. Can you do it?" she asked.

"Oh, yes!" Madame was positive. "It should suit you, too!"

Three hours later, Lallie stood up and stared at her flushed reflection in the mirror. She touched her hair experimentally.

Lallie

by **Margaret
Bathe**



Fred thought she was wonderful just as she was—

ILLUSTRATED BY

RON LASKIE

"Isn't it rather curly?"

Madame smiled at her. "It is now, but it will be all right in a day or two, when it's settled down."

"I hope so," Lallie looked dubious. Miss Johnson's hair had not been curly—it had been sleek . . .

Brilliantine and brushing gave Lallie's hair some semblance of the requisite sleekness, but it didn't look quite like Miss Johnson's, even so, and Lallie felt shorn and strange without the home perm curls which had nestled so warmly and comfortingly in the nape of her neck.

She also found that her new hat fell over her eyes. Taking it off, she gazed at it disconsolately and sighed. . . . Miss Johnson would never have made a mistake like that.

Fred called for her at seven thirty. Lallie stood before him self-consciously and prayed that he would approve of her new hair-do.

"What have you done to your hair?" he asked as he sat down.

Lallie said defensively: "It's the latest style."

"Your neck is too long," Fred said obstinately.

Lallie seethed. Her hair was not of the quick-growing variety. She thought wistfully of the curls left behind on the hairdresser's floor.

She said icily: "Obviously you don't appreciate that I am trying to make the best of myself. A girl has to experiment. She doesn't want always to look the same."

"Why not?" Fred asked doggedly.

Lallie stamped her foot. "Oh—you're hopeless! It's just a waste of effort trying to make myself look nice for you. You don't know what a smart woman is. I wish you could see Miss Johnson!"

Fred flushed angrily. "Thank goodness I can't," he said. "If what I see before me now is a carbon copy of Miss Johnson, then one such spectacle is quite enough. For heaven's sake, Lallie, be yourself, stop imitating a woman old enough to be your mother!"

Lallie gasped. "I don't know what your plans are for to-night, but since you find me

a— a spectacle, they needn't include me," she announced harshly.

"Oh, Lallie . . . now look . . ." Fred made a movement towards her. Lallie stopped him with an imperious gesture.

The imperious gesture snapped what was left of Fred's self-control. He stepped back. "Right," he said heavily. "If that's how you feel."

"That is exactly how I feel," Lallie said coldly.

"Right," Fred said again, then he turned on his heel and left the room.

A moment later the front door slammed. Lallie started up, a little surprised. She had expected he would try to cajole her out of her ill-humor, tell her he was sorry and that of course she looked marvellous. For a moment she was tempted to run out after him, call him back. She resisted the impulse, however—imagine Miss Johnson tearing down the street after a man!

I don't care, Lallie thought mutinously. I shall become a career woman! Briefly in her mind she went over her present qualifications. Her shorthand was coming along nicely, her typing was slow but time would correct that.

Lallie spent the rest of the evening happily contemplating her golden future. Sunday morning she awoke still contemplating it. She practised social graces and small talk on her parents during Sunday dinner, much to her father's annoyance, as he wanted to listen to a wireless programme.

It was a bright, warm afternoon and Lallie decided to honor the park with her presence. She walked head erect, shoulders back, looking down her nose at loving couples who occupied the seats that fringed the lake. Poor things—such stereotyped lives they led and would lead for evermore!

But then her gaze was arrested by a familiar figure walking up the path. Fred.

He was not alone. A girl, with whom Lallie had a vague acquaintance, accompanied him.

Lallie gasped. She had scarcely given Fred a thought since last night and she had not expected for a moment to see him again so soon, and so accompanied.

Fred raised his hat and said politely: "Good afternoon, Lallie!"

She returned home, disgruntled. The future seemed suddenly dim and very far away, and so did Fred . . .

On Monday she awoke depressed: for the first time in many weeks her job did not beckon—at least not until after breakfast when it occurred to Lallie that Fred might telephone the office.

After all, it had only been a tiny quarrel, over nothing important—you couldn't expect him to rave about Miss Johnson when he hadn't seen her—and if he did telephone, she would apologise at once.

But Fred did not telephone and Lallie felt more and more apprehensive as the day wore on. She herself failed to rave about Miss Johnson despite the fact that the secretary was wearing a new rich brown suit and bronze shoes.

Please turn to
page 16

Fred studied Lallie's new hair style but was not at all impressed by it, even when told it was the latest. "Your neck's too long for it," he said.





By
**ERNEST
DUDLEY**

PART FOUR OF
A SIX-PART
SERIAL

THE DARK BUREAU

"MEET YOUR CRIMINALS," novelty television feature compiled by TOD ARCHER, seems to ALGY DARK, head of the investigation department known as the Dark Bureau, an excellent piece of help in combating a growing crime-wave instigated by a ruthless and mysterious leader, THE BUTTERFLY.

Produced by LEWIS HULL and his attractive assistant MALONE, the feature is a brilliant success, but it rouses the Butterfly, who issues orders that EDDIE FAGAN is to "take care of" Archer.

Archer disappears the night of the broadcast. The next evening a chance clue sets Malone shadowing NITA BENNETT, and in a tea-room she overhears a suspicious conversation between Nita and Eddie. Slipping away, Malone goes to a telephone call-box, not knowing that Eddie is following her. NOW READ ON:

INSIDE the telephone-box, Malone was getting no reply from Lewis Hull's flat. She had just decided he was not in and was about to hang up when he answered, his voice sharp and terse. "Who's that?" he said irritably. "I'm busy—" he began, and then broke off with a surprised exclamation. "Malone! This is a nice surprise. What goes on?"

"I've been doing some sleuthing," she said lightly. "Trailing suspect number one."

"What on earth are you talking about?" "I remembered something that might tie up with Archer's disappearance. It was a conversation I overheard last night. So I decided to follow it up."

"You what?" His voice was sharp and sour.

"I thought I'd see if I was right," she said, her tone becoming at once defensive. "If it had got anything to do with him."

"You mean to say," he rasped, "you mean you actually went barging off on your own on a thing like that, instead of telling Algy Dark. Or at least condescending to mention something about it to me?"

She controlled her rising anger. "It was much too vague an idea. I couldn't have told anyone. I would only have been laughed at."

"Now you have discovered it was something, and so you were right." His voice fairly crackled with sarcasm. "You clever little thing."

She managed to say very carefully and clearly: "As a matter of fact I was on the right track. It was a conversation I'd overheard, by a terrific slice of luck, in the next-door cubicle at Television House last night."

Her voice grew excited, and she went on more quickly: "It all came back to me this evening, and I managed to trace the girl I overheard these two other girls discussing. I found out she's got quite a lot to do with Archer's vanishing—I followed her, and she's mixed up with some gangster-type named Eddie."

"You idiot! You complete blithering idiot," Hull's voice blistered her eardrum. "I should have thought even you would have had more brains than to go meddling about in such a tricky business. Who do you think you are, Mata Hari?"

Malone choked in her rage. "How dare you speak to me like that? I don't think I wasted my time—"

Suddenly the guide thrust Malone forward, precipitating her towards the man in the wheel-chair.

"You don't know what mess you might have got yourself into," he cut in. "Thank your lucky stars you've got away with it. And what are you going to do about it now? Ring up Dark and tell him what you told me. How you've been such a clever girl and got some clues for him?"

All she caught in his voice was the biting scorn, the contempt. In her rage it never struck her that he was disguising his fear for her. His horror at the thought of the danger she might have run into.

Her voice rose near-hysterically. "I never want to see or speak to you again."

She slammed down the receiver and caught her handbag with her elbow as she stamped out of the telephone-box. For the second time that night its contents spilled all over the floor. Raging inwardly, half-crying with fury, she bent and picked up her things.

Then suddenly it was as if an icy hand had closed over her heart, freezing her blood, numbing her brain.

Her Television House Club membership-card wasn't there.

Frantically she searched the floor of the box, opened the phone books in the vain hope that it might have slipped between the pages. She searched all around anywhere where it might possibly have fallen and secreted itself. It was no good, it was gone.

Had she had it with her, she asked herself then, or could she by any chance have left it either in her office or at her flat? She knew it was almost impossible that she hadn't had it in her handbag all day.

That meant—and there was a cold, prickling sensation running up her spine and making circles round her scalp—that it could have been picked up by Nita. Or Eddie. She almost fell out of the telephone-box.

Eddie watched her curiously for a moment while she leant against the door. Then she seemed to pull herself together and walked away.

What happened? Eddie wondered. He kept some thirty yards behind her, hugging the inside of the pavement. She wasn't taking the underground anywhere. It looked as if she was going to Television House. He kept on after her, still hugging the shadow of the houses, until she swung round the curve leading to the entrance to Television House, and disappeared inside.

Eddie frowned to himself, wondering what was the purpose of her calling in there at this hour. He'd just a hope, he told himself, there wasn't anyone she could blab to in there. He thought it wasn't likely there could be. Any important official would surely have gone home by now.

Anyhow, it was no use racking his brains over that. What had happened had happened. He could only do his best to repair any damage the girl had done.

Seeing a telephone-box across the road, he slipped over into it, managing all the time to keep his eye on the entrance to Television House.

Nita listened eagerly to his story. "All we can do now," he ended, "is to try to pick her up when she comes out of the place—"

"I'm on my way," Nita cut in. "Now."

Malone bent over the flat-topped desk in her office and tipped everything out of her handbag for the third time that evening. With shaking hands she went through every item. Purse, compact, lipstick, comb, wallet, plus cigarette-case and silver lighter. Everything was there except that cellophanned oblong of cardboard.

In an agony of hope she hunted through the desk-drawers and the bookshelves and behind the locked filing-cabinets. It was no use. No Television House Club membership-card. Now, as she pushed back her things into the handbag and snapped it shut, her only faint hope, and she knew how faint it was, lay in her flat.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MILLS

Page 8

Please turn to page 16

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—JANUARY 6, 1951



It's always a hit !

When it comes to groovy music, these kids are really hep! And they agree 50-50's really hep, too! 50-50 rates with them because it's the one summer drink with the exciting natural flavour of oranges and lemons . . . mm - mm! It's popular in any company, especially when it's icy cold.

And it's so easy to make. You get 26 drinks from one bottle, simply by adding iced water.

Easy to make — and economical. Always serve 50-50. It's a hit with folk of all ages.



FRESHEN UP WITH

50 - 50

A KIA-ORA PRODUCT



"Just fancy," said Alice to the Queen of Hearts, "this is the first adventure I've had in years. A new dress, too!"

"About time," said the Queen of Hearts. "You must be tired of that dress you've been wearing since 1865."

"So I am," cried Alice, slipping off her dress and all of her calico petticoats and her bodices. "From now on I'm going to be as modern and dainty as can be!"

"So you are," said the Queen of Hearts, "and we'll start with pretty Bond's Tru-size Underlovelies just like grown-up ladies wear! Which color do you like? Pink or white?"

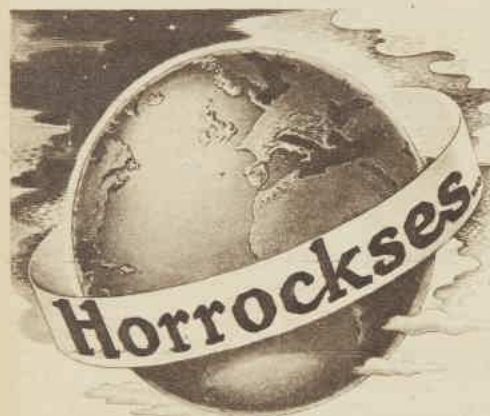
"Pink to start off with," said Alice, and in a wonder-

land wink of the eye she was in a dull-finish rayon locknit vest with the daintiest pair of panties to match.

"Extra length in that vest, too, my dear," the Queen of Hearts informed her, "in case you should ever start growing up. Which I hope you won't. But, oh dear, other little girls do grow up so rapidly I don't know how their mothers would ever keep them in pretty vests if it weren't for Bonds."

Bonds make their Tru-size vests and panties from washable cool-and-cotton, soft dream-glo cotton or ribbed cotton—and they'll all stand any amount of scaring and washing.

BOND'S Tru-Size underlovelies for children
— all with plenty of wear for growing up.



the Greatest Name in Cotton

For over 150 years the name of Horrockses has stood for quality. All over the world their fabrics have brought prestige to that illustrious name . . . which is much . . . and goodwill to their country of origin . . . which is more.

Sheets, Pillowcases, Towels, Dress Goods, Furnishings, Flannelettes, Wincettes, Shirts, etc.

Makers of "TYMELIN" the all purpose Fabric suitable for schools and uniforms.

JOHN thought, she's got the loveliest profile I've ever seen, and the sweetest laugh. Am I boring her now? Dare I . . . well, she can easily put me off if she wants to . . .

"My name is Stevenson," he said, gripping his pipe a little tighter. "John Stevenson."

"Steven-son," Karen repeated carefully. "That is easy. So is mine. —Karen Andersen."

"Are you," asked John, "doing anything for lunch?"

They lunched at a little pub in a narrow, cobbled street. Karen was charmed with it; the food was plain but, as John said, the place had atmosphere. The proprietor served them himself.

She was quite unspoiled, in spite of being rich, John thought, smiling at Karen's intent face as she struggled to understand the man's broad accent. She must be rich, if she doesn't know how long she is staying.

After lunch, they walked through the gardens together. A few people were eating sandwiches there; office workers sat with heads tilted back and eyes closed, snatching a few minutes' sunshine before returning to work.

"Doesn't it feel odd," Karen said, "when you are in a strange place and have a very special holiday feeling, when you see people like that and realise that for them this is just an ordinary working day in the place they live always?"

John knew what she meant, but he was surprised that she should have thought of it. Wasn't she on holiday all the time?

The afternoon slipped pleasantly past. I must leave him before he gets bored with me, Karen thought; it would be awful if he went on taking me round just out of politeness. But John met a friend who asked them to come to a party with him and so she had to stay with him to be polite.

She had lost count of time, after conscientiously telephoning Mrs. MacMorran to say that she would be back after supper.

It had been a wonderful party, but it had to end. Not too late, because most of the people there had jobs to go to in the morning and had been to parties that week already.

John and Karen walked along Princes Street in the moonlight.

"I haven't seen the castle flood-lighted before," Karen said, looking up at it. "It is lovely. It's perfect."

Everything was lovely. Surely it couldn't stop now?

"I must get you a taxi," John said.

I have stayed too long, Karen thought, stricken. Of course he had to take me to the party after his friend had suggested it. But I should have said no, and gone home. Now he has been stuck with me all the evening, and he will feel that he has to pay my taxi fare home. It's a long way, too—I don't want him to pay it for me. She looked round, distressed, and suddenly saw salvation bearing down upon her.

"The all-night bus!" she exclaimed. "Look, here it is, and it passes the foot of my road!"

"Are you sure you'll be all right?" he asked.

Holidays Don't Last

Continued from page 5

"Yes," Karen got on the step, because the bus was chugging impatiently.

"Good-bye!" she cried. "Thank you so much."

Now the Festival was over, you could walk along Princes Street quite easily, and the gardens were almost empty. It was sunny, but there was a tang of autumn in the air.

Mrs. MacMorran asked Karen if she would like to stay all winter. "Because," she explained, "we'd all like it very much if you would; the children adore you—I don't have to tell you that—and you've been the greatest help. But you're not to stay if you feel homesick, Karen. Lately you haven't been looking so happy. There's nothing wrong, is there?"

"Oh, no!" Karen denied quickly—and bent her head again over the teapot she was polishing.

"Well," Mrs. MacMorran said, "think about it."

John sat in a little pub in a steep, cobbled street. It was here he always came to celebrate, and surely he ought to be celebrating now. Hadn't he landed the sort of job he had longed for for years, in one of the best Edinburgh schools? He would be living in town again, seeing his friends there every week, going to theatres, concerts . . .

It was too early in the afternoon to start ringing up people, but perhaps if he walked along Princes Street he might bump into someone he knew.

IT was too daft to let his pleasure in Edinburgh be blighted by the absence of one girl with pale blonde hair who was by now back in Norway and who had, surely, forgotten his existence.

Quite suddenly he saw her—a girl in a green coat with a shining blur of pale blonde hair. She was a block ahead of him, and the pavement here was crowded; almost at once she was cut off from his view.

It couldn't have been Karen! But could there be two girls with hair like that, who walked like that? John began to push ahead frantically.

"Hal-lo, John!"

"Oh, hallo!" he said. It wasn't any use. The girl in green had vanished completely. And here was his mother's old friend Mrs. MacMorran, squarely blocking his path.

"How are you all, John?" she was asking. "I haven't heard from your mother for ages."

"Oh, we're all well, thanks."

John was still distractedly glancing along the pavement ahead—but it couldn't have been—

"Your mother," Mrs. MacMorran said, settling down to it, "is a very bad correspondent. Are you in town for the day?"

"Yes," John replied. "I mean, no; I've come to stay. I've got a job in town."

"You have!" cried Mrs. MacMorran delightedly. "Good! Fine! You must come and see us. There's always somebody at home in the evenings—because of the children."

"Oh, yes," John said. "That's very kind of you. I'd like to. How are the children?" he asked, remembering his manners.

Mrs. MacMorran said, "Oh, they're fine—now, but we've had an awful time with them all sick. I don't know how I should have managed if it hadn't been for Karen—"

"Karen?"

"You know, the girl from Oslo. I wrote to your mother about her. We met her in the spring, when we were over there, and she's staying with us to learn English and helping with the children. She's a darling, and so quick and competent in the house." Mrs. MacMorran said. "She's with me now—at least she's just gone to collect a parcel from the dry cleaners. Why, here she comes!"

"Karen," Mrs. MacMorran said, "I've just run into an old friend; this is John Stevenson."

"We've met already," John said, "at the Festival." He gripped Karen's hand hard. "But," he said, "I didn't know you were staying on."

"No," Karen replied breathlessly. "I didn't know you were."

"John has got a job," Mrs. MacMorran explained, "teaching in town. Isn't that nice? I've been telling him he must come out and see us."

"You teach?" she asked, bright-eyed. "My father taught English in Oslo."

"It's time I got the bus," Mrs. MacMorran remarked, "to be home when the children get in from school, but I expect you two would like to have a talk. What a coincidence that you should have met before!"

"Would you," John asked Karen, "like some tea—or is it too early? Perhaps we could walk along the gardens first? There's such a mob here," he said, regarding his fellow-citizens with dislike.

"The gardens would be nice," Karen agreed.

"I looked for you everywhere in the last week of the Festival," he said as they entered the gardens.

"I was never in town. The children have been sick."

"I know. Mrs. MacMorran has just been telling me."

"I looked for you too," Karen said. "But—" She didn't elaborate.

John said: "I thought you were a rich tourist. You looked so terribly glamorous and expensive."

Karen smiled and blushed. "I thought you were a very important literary person," she confessed.

"Good grief!" John exclaimed. "I'm only a junior English master!"

They laughed together. There was such a lot to be said, it was quite intoxicating to be walking in the gardens in the sunshine.

"Do you remember," John asked, "when we were here before, and you said it gave you a very special holiday feeling looking at people who lived here?"

"I remember."

"We're neither of us exactly on holiday now, but—"

"Yes?" Karen said, smiling at him.

"It feels even better!" John said.

"Yes," Karen agreed. John took her hand. "Poor things!" he said, waving at some distant people on a seat, "it's just an ordinary day for them!"

(Copyright)

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



Geordie

By DAVID WALKER

SYNOPSIS

AS a young boy, GEORGE MacTAGGART, known as GEORDIE, is so tiny he takes a physical culture course from HENRY SAMSON. He gives full credit to this when, in the course of years, he grows into a young giant.

Geordie becomes gamekeeper to THE LAIRD on the death of his father. He is in love with JEAN DONALDSON, but the path of true love is running anything but smoothly.

Meanwhile, at Henry Samson's suggestion, Geordie takes up shot-putting, coached by REVEREND MacNAB, an ex-champion.

He features brilliantly at local games, and as a result he is chosen to represent Britain at the Olympic Games in America, though it takes selectors HARLEY and RAWLINS all their time to persuade him to go. Now read on:—

LEANING his bike against the grey stone wall of the Manse, Geordie went up the steps to ring the bell. The minister came to the door himself. "Come in, Geordie," he said, beaming. "Come in, I was just thinking about you."

They went into the minister's study. It was a small room, dark because of all the books that covered the walls. But there were some photos, too, groups they were taken when Reverend MacNab had been at the college; and they helped to brighten the place up.

The minister didn't look much different now except that he was balding on top and a bit more pudgy round the middle. He wore the same big grin that had a cheering effect on the folk he met. They sat down in the two chairs, Geordie on the edge of his.

"When are you away, Geordie?"

"The morn's morn in McCrimmin's bus. Syne I'm to catch the Night Scot for England."

"Are the spikes fitting comfortable now?"

Mr. Rawlins had sent Geordie a pair of spiked shoes. He said he ought to get used to them because everybody would be wearing spikes in the Olympics and they were a help anyway.

"The spikes is fine."

"Now, remember, Geordie . . ." and Mr. MacNab went on to give Geordie some last minute tips—how he wasn't to practise too hard on account of straining his arm, how he might need shorter spikes on the hard American ground, and how he shouldn't let the trainers alter his style much because there wouldn't be time for that.

"Do you think you'll be nervous, Geordie?"

"Yes, I doubt I'll be nervous."

"Well, if you get nervous, try thinking of home. Think of the glen, or a bit of the hill that's your favorite; or just think of Jean. That could be a help, Geordie."

Geordie looked up at Reverend MacNab. In that quiet room everything seemed as if it would be all right; and it wasn't a cause for shyness that you loved a dark-haired lassie who lived nearby.

"I'll do that," Geordie said.

Reverend MacNab leaned forward. Suddenly he looked a little nervous himself. "You may meet temptation, Geordie. You may find people will make a fuss of you; and worldly women take a fancy to a fine simple laddie. Well, don't heed them; just you stay simple."

"I'm ower thick in the head for to get spoilt," said Geordie, speaking broad. He and the minister laughed.

"We'll say a short prayer," said Mr. MacNab. They stood up then, and Geordie closed his eyes, listening to the minister's prayer.

He didn't ask God for Geordie to win the Olympic Games, which was what Geordie had expected he would ask. He just prayed for strength and good guidance and a safe return.

"Amen," said the minister.

"Amen," said Geordie.

He got on his bike and rode the three miles home.

Geordie was to meet Jean at eight. He was still early, so he walked slowly along the path towards the garden until he came to the dry stone dyke. That was the place where Jean had waited for him on a day long ago. The memory was clear in his mind. He had been small then, perhaps the smallest boy for his age in the whole county.



Stopping short, Geordie thrust the hat-box into Helga's hands and prepared to run.

Well, he was the biggest man now; but he didn't feel much different. It was queer that you would be the same person, big or small; that the thing inside you never changed, the something that was really you.

Geordie remembered how Jean had climbed to the eagle's nest; and afterwards she had understood the feelings he was having that a lassie had done what he could not do. Perhaps that was the day he had first known Jean was the one for him.

He sat there for a while, letting his mind run over the past, coming back to him stage by stage through the known things which had happened, and on to the unknown things which would begin to-morrow.

It was then that he suddenly remembered Henry Samson's letter. It had been lying in his pocket since dinner-time, and never opened yet.

"Dear Geordie.—Thanks for favor of yours. Accept my hearty congrats on your great success. You may be sure that my eyes and ears will be glued to the newspapers and wireless respectively, and that I for one will follow you on your triumphal way in the Olympics with bated breath.

"It is a far cry from the day I received your first letter. I knew even then that you had the right stuff in you, Geordie; but I never guessed that you would turn out to be my finest pupil. It is a hard road to success, and you have travelled it.

"We can both be proud of what we have achieved together in the way of balanced development.

"If the weather is favorable, I hope to be on the quay at Southampton to make your acquaintance at last, and to wish Bon Voyage, Au Revoir, Happy Landings, the Best of Luck and God Speed to a great pupil of Henry Samson's in the Olympic Games.

"Your old friend and admirer,

"HENRY SAMSON."

ILLUSTRATED
BY DUNLOP

That was certainly the best letter Henry Samson had ever sent him. Geordie folded it up and put it back in his pocket. To think of Mr. Samson perhaps coming to Southampton to see him off. It was an honor you could bet he'd never given to any other of his pupils.

But here was Jean. He watched her come walking, trying to make a vivid picture of her in his mind that he could take away and keep with him in America. But he was feared he wouldn't be able. The faces you loved best never came into your mind's eye.

He put out his two big hands and took hers and helped her to a seat on the wall beside him, and his arm was round her waist and they sat quiet and happy with the west wind on their faces. But the cloud of parting hung over them there in the sunlight.

"The birches are bonny," said Jean.

"It's you is bonny," Geordie said. He held her closer to him.

"Did you get packed up?"

"I've just the one suitcase."

"Yes," said Geordie.

"And the kilt?"

"That's in, too."

"Are you going to win?"

"I dinna ken," he said.

"Don't be too confident," said Jean. "You've the world against you."

"Here," said Geordie. "Here's what Henry Samson says." He gave her the letter. Jean read it through.

"Well, that's nice," she said, and gave it back to him without saying anything more.

"Are you not pleased at what Mr. Samson says?" Geordie felt a bit hurt that Jean should make no comment about the letter.

Jean frowned. "I like it fine," she said, "but I'm feared you'll get a swelled head in among all the fancy folk."

"Och away," said Geordie. "You and Reverend MacNab's a pair. I'm telling you both: I'll not get a swelled head."

She leaned right close and looked up at him. "Just come back to me, Geordie. That's all I'm caring."

"Dinna fash yerself," said Geordie. "I'll come back to my wee Jean." And he bent and kissed her. But Jean's face was troubled even after that long kiss.

"Geordie!"

"Ay, Jean?"

"You'll no get mixed up with any other lassies? Them Yanks is terrible taken up wi' love, I hear tell."

"What for would I take up wi' other lassies when I've my own Jean waiting?"

But the two tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Dinna be sad, my bonny Jean. It'll no be long."

They sat there a while longer, till the great wind died at sunset and the brightness faded from the bell heather.

Please turn to page 41

Australian runs romantic English inn

This is the story of a guest who stayed on—not to outlast his welcome but to become host of the historic Lygon Arms Hotel in the lovely Cotswolds district of England.



ACCOMPANIED BY HIS PET SPANIEL, JET, Douglas Barrington sets off from the Lygon Arms for a stroll (above). At right, Barrington dictates the morning mail to his secretary, Marian Aitken. Miss Aitken, a wartime friend of Barrington, was offered post of secretary when he became manager.

WATCHED BY THE LOCAL INHABITANTS, the North Cotswold Hunt, one of the most exclusive in England, sets off from outside the Lygon Arms Hotel for the first hunt of the season. Country surrounding the hotel is very beautiful. From the nearby Broadway Tower, 13 counties can be seen on a clear day.





TWO AUSTRALIAN VISITORS. Mrs. B. B. Andrew (left) and her daughter Miss Robin Cearcy, Turrumurra, N.S.W., are entertained by Douglas Barrington in his private sitting-room, which is called the Cromwell Room. Cromwell is said to have slept there during the Civil Wars.

DON RUSSELL and Douglas Barrington (at left) discuss plans for the North Cotswold Hunt Ball, which is always held at the Lygon Arms. Coats of arms belong to families who have spent holidays at the inn over the years.

Servicemen's rendezvous

FORMER R.A.N. lieutenant Douglas Barrington, of Perth, has been managing director of the Lygon Arms Hotel, Broadway, Worcestershire, for the past five years.

Mr. Barrington, who graduated with honors in accountancy in 1938, first visited the Lygon Arms on wartime leave in June, 1941, when he was an able-seaman doing a naval officers' course in England.

Like hundreds of other Australian servicemen who were in England during the war, Barrington went to the Lygon at the invitation of Mr. D. G. (Don) Russell, one of three brothers who own this famous and romantic inn.

Mr. Russell decided at the beginning of the war always to have at least six "other ranks" as his guests at the Lygon.

"The other idea started off all right," Don told me, "but the strange thing about it was that most of my boys sooner or later got commissions, and the idea of 'other ranks only' had to be scrapped."

Many Australian parents will remember Don Russell for the letters he wrote them during the war to let them know that their sons had stayed at his hotel and were well.

Don Russell and Douglas Barrington took an immediate liking to each other when they met. When Barrington's leave was over he promised that he would return again to the Lygon.

Barrington was commissioned in 1942 and was posted to a destroyer. He served in the Mediterranean, took part in the North African and Sicilian campaigns. Each time he returned to England he would make straight for the Lygon,

and each time he went he found something new to interest him.

He walked into the hotel's Cromwell Room, where both Cromwell and Charles are said to have slept during the Civil Wars, and went for walks in the beautiful surrounding countryside or to the famous Broadway Tower, where on a clear day he could see 13 counties. But although the scenes and traditions of the district fascinated him, he had no ideas of settling in England.

Barrington returned on leave to Australia to visit his family in 1944, was then posted back to England to do an officers' gunnery course. He started the course in 1945 just as the European war was ending. In August Doug went on his usual leave to the Lygon.

While he was there Don Russell told him that as he was getting old he had decided to let someone else take over the running of the hotel.

"The next morning I received a message that Don wanted to see me in his office," Doug said. "At first I couldn't think why he should want me, and I couldn't help wondering if one of the boys had been up to some mischief. It was quite a surprise when he offered me the job of resident manager."

Doug went back to his naval station to think things over. He had never even thought about a job on land, and managing a hotel was the furthest thing from his mind. But six weeks later, discharged from the Navy, he went back to the Lygon as manager-director.

Now, after five years at the job, Doug would not change it for anything.

Since the beginning of the century the Lygon has been the holiday haunt of some of the most exclusive families in England. In its visitors' book there are countless signatures of world celebrities, including film stars and Henry Ford.

From Harold Dvoretzky, in London

TWO AUSTRALIAN VISITORS. Mrs. B. B. Andrew (left) and her daughter Miss Robin Cearcy, Turrumurra, N.S.W., are entertained by Douglas Barrington in his private sitting-room, which is called the Cromwell Room. Cromwell is said to have slept there during the Civil Wars.

DON RUSSELL and Douglas Barrington (at left) discuss plans for the North Cotswold Hunt Ball, which is always held at the Lygon Arms. Coats of arms belong to families who have spent holidays at the inn over the years.



MINE HOST BARRINGTON greets Captain and Mrs. George Coles, who own the largest estate over which the North Cotswold Hunt runs. Captain and Mrs. Coles live at nearby Camden House, in Gloucestershire, one time seat of Lord Gainsborough. Below, Robin Cearcy takes a pre-hunt stirrup cup from Doug Barrington.



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for INDIGESTION

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OWN CAR?

BOOK REVIEW

by AINSIE BAKER

STAMP ME MORTAL

By
JOHN LODWICK

If an edict were to go forth that in future only a strictly limited number of English novelists were to have their books published, I'm not at all sure that I wouldn't take a gamble and include in my list John Lodwick, author of "Stamp Me Mortal."

HE impresses as having a tremendous amount of original writing ahead.

"Stamp Me Mortal" marks his emergence from a sort of infant terrible into a writer of mature and controlled ability.

His present publishers have—I think ill-advisedly—sent Lodwick's newest book out into the world bearing on its dust jacket as apology, or cheap advertising, the following:

"Some critics have been begging John Lodwick to turn over a new leaf ever since 'Twenty East of Greenwich.' After both 'Brother Death' and 'Something in the Heart' they have demanded something a little less forceful, something that might upset the susceptibilities of our revered aunts and uncles a little less."

Perhaps the cult of toughness and disenchanted sophistication, so strangely combined in Lodwick, has taken overlong to be written out of his system.

One of the disenchanted, he perhaps not unreasonably chooses to write of the disenchanted. His saving grace is that he writes quite exceptionally well.

The hero of "Stamp Me Mortal" is first met in a Brittany tea-room, where he has a bottle of champagne under the table and a glass on the chair by his side.

Allister is an English architect, the death of whose wife and child in a train wreck has numbed him into accepting the hospitality of Derek and Monica Stanger.

"Derek had done three years for company fraud . . . that had been nearly 20 years ago, and it had not even been his own fraud . . . certainly everybody who counted, such as the editor of the 'Daily Express' and the Chief Commissioner of Police (London area), had long forgotten all about the small misfortune."

" . . . But Derek could not forget it, and maintained, even now, when introduced to strange compatriots, the manners of a distinguished share-pusher in flight."

Allister is introduced to Veronique, a 17-year-old French girl as sombre and unhappy as himself.

It is no idyll between these two. Allister remembers quite clearly that at first sight both raised a hand, "not for the how-d'ye-do and pleased to meet you, but as if to ward off an approaching blow."

For Veronique, seeking so desperately in love for something she can never now know, there are always nightmares in which she relives her wartime experiences.

For Allister there is a soul-destroying self-hatred and the nagging vision of Veronique's former lover, the surgeon who restored her face by plastic surgery after the Germans set fire to a hay-shed in which she was hiding.

Allister and Veronique decide to go away together to the country.

There they surround themselves with pet rabbits, hens, and all the familiar appendages of domesticity. Veronique still dreams of the collaborator she drowned. Allister longs for the drink that will make him forget.

When his dread of further emotional entanglements makes him unable to mention the child Veronique is going to have, she leaves him.

A gloomy story, you might say. Yet there is wit on almost every page of this book. Some of it snob wit, certainly; some of it the brittle and caustic wit of the disenchanted.

The London cabbie who drives Allister to the scene of the train wreck is unforgettable. So is the senile French general, who, with the aid of lead soldiers in the sandpit occupying the largest room of his ultra-modern house, refights forgotten battles.

A book for the thoroughly adult.

"Stamp Me Mortal" is published by Heinemann, London. Our copy from Grahame Book Company.

What do you know about These famous people?

Here are some clues about ten famous Australians. You should be able to identify at least half of them. The correct answers will be found on page 28.

- 1—He flew kites, while trying to solve the problem of flight, and made monoplane models before any man had ever flown.
- 2—Helen Mitchell's family did not approve of her singing to public audiences. Later the world applauded this singer as . . . ?
- 3—Son of a Norwegian sailor, this boy was born in a tent on the gold diggings. When he was a man he wrote poetry that captured the spirit of Australia.
- 4—Country people with big wool cheques should know the name of the man who brought the first merinos to Australia.
- 5—Migrants 110 years ago who had no money or homes to go to were helped by a determined and kindly woman. Particularly, she looked after homeless young women.
- 6—This famous (or infamous) bushranger had many dubious qualities, but one thing could be said of him: he was game.
- 7—He made the first flight across the Pacific with C. T. P. Um 23 years ago. Who was this pilot?
- 8—Now very old, this woman devoted her life to the Australian aborigines. She lived with them under the toughest conditions for many years.
- 9—Beautiful and world-known pianist, this girl was born in Zeehan, on the West Coast of Tasmania, later lived in Western Australia.
- 10—This explorer wrote in his diary, "This will be the place for a village." The village was Melbourne.

Editorial

JANUARY 6, 1951

HOLIDAY SKIRMISHES

AN astonishingly complete range of armament in the hands of the juvenile population is a noticeable feature of the summer holidays.

Air guns, water pistols, cap revolvers, Bren guns in plastic, all realistic in design, are handled by their young owners with the ease of old campaigners.

Studded leather belts carry sheaths for knives, holsters for revolvers.

Gangs of small boys deploy and manoeuvre in imitation of characters in films they have seen, or the heroes of comic strips.

Leather chaps and gauntlets, cowboy hats, and checked shirts add to the realism for the boys, who are also equipped with sheriff's star badges which they "flash" with a careless flick of the wrist.

Adults who have lived through two world wars may be saddened at the sight of a nine-year-old advancing at the alert, taking advantage of every scrap of cover in a suburban street.

Many shake their heads and talk glumly of the influence of films and comic strips.

Though the game has become more complicated by the introduction of film plots, boys—and girls, too—played cowboys and Indians and bobbies and bushies when there were no films and comic strips had only limited circulations.

There has been much adverse criticism of the standard of films children see, but the censorship authorities have at least been able to drive home the lesson that the goodies always win.

That it has been driven home is evident, because the boy with the most comprehensive arsenal is generally the leader of the goodies. To this, cynics may ascribe the reluctance of other players to be baddies.

But the moral is there and the children don't even know they have absorbed it, obscured as it is with the bark of six-shooters and the thunder of hoofs.

Summer Time brings Hair Problems

(wind, sun and salt water cause dry, brittle, hard-to-manage hair)

Kath Coonan, beautiful Sydney fashion model, says: "No hair problems for me in summer time! That's when I'm specially careful to use my Napro Hair Vitalizer regularly!"

Kath Coonan



This Summer keep your Hair lovely, soft and easy-to-manage with

Napro **HAIR Vitalizer**

3/3
PER TUBE



Hot sun, wind and salt water can play havoc with your hair in summer time. That's why it needs the extra beauty care of Napro Hair Vitalizer. No more dryness! No more splitting ends or dandruff! Napro Vitalizer leaves your hair soft and lustrous . . . the comb simply floats through it—it sets more easily, curls more easily. Your hairdresser knows the value of Napro Hair Vitalizer, and uses it in salon treatments. And you, too, in your own home, should use this famous reconditioning treatment . . . the finest aid of them all to summer-time hair beauty.



Napro Hair Vitalizer corrects dry brittleness due to sun and salt water.



Napro Hair Vitalizer ends loose dandruff; corrects after-perm frizziness.



Napro Hair Vitalizer makes hair lustrous, silken smooth, so easy to manage.

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"O.K.—hold still now!"

There's smooth sailing ahead when snaps are in the wind. They add to the fun, make good times even better. And how the crowd likes to look them over later! You'll rate high when you have a new camera with YOU—



SIX-20 KODAK "A" CAMERA

Anastar f/6.3 lens, focusing from 4 ft. to infinity; Dakon shutter with two speeds (1/25 and 1/50 sec.); time "bulb"; 8 exp., 2½ x 3½ ins. Price, £12/8/3



SIX-20 BROWNIE "C" CAMERA

New model box Brownie; Kodak Meniscus lens; two large viewfinders; time and instantaneous shutter; all-metal body; 8 exp., 2½ x 3½ ins. Price, 46/3



SIX-20 FOLDING BROWNIE CAMERA

Economical and efficient; Meniscus lens; time and instantaneous shutter; all-metal body; black-grained leatherette covering; 8 exp., 2½ x 3½ ins. Price, £7/2/6



BROWNIE REFLEX CAMERA

Reflex viewfinder shows picture in actual size; time and instantaneous shutter; modern push-button release; 12 exp., 1½ x 1½ ins. Price, £4/1/-



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The Dark Bureau

Continued from page 8

MALONE lifted the typewriter cover and taking a sheet of foolscap from beside the machine she put it into the typewriter. Instead of starting at the top, she turned the roller down a few spaces and began to type.

Her fingers flew over the keys, the rattle of the machine echoing strangely in the silence. When she had finished she turned the roller back till the untyped part she had left at the top showed. Then she covered the machine again.

A few minutes later she was out in the street and walking briskly. Her flat was just behind Tottenham Court Road. The energy that had kept her going through the long, trying day was ebbing. She felt tired and depressed. Lewis Hull's viciously barbed words had struck home.

She stopped suddenly, her heart thudding. There were footsteps behind her.

The footsteps stopped.

She threw a quick look over her shoulder, but saw no one in the dark, deserted street. Only a black car coming slowly towards her. She must have been imagining the footsteps, she told herself.

She began walking again and knew quickly that it was no imagination. There was someone behind her. She could hear footsteps that were nearly in time with her own. Nearly, but not quite. A man's footsteps. She felt sick with terror. What could she do? The street ahead of her was empty. There was no one she could call to for help. She flung another wild look over her shoulder as she hurried on.

The car! The car was still behind her, creeping along slowly. She couldn't see who was driving the car, but as she looked she caught a glimpse of a figure dodging into a doorway. It was a man in a light-colored overcoat. She knew it was Eddie.

Eddie and someone in the car. Nita probably. They were after her. She was almost running now, and her heart was bumping frantically against her ribs.

But inexorably the footsteps drew nearer, and out of the corner of her

eye she caught the light from the headlamps of the car catching up with her.

She gathered every ounce of her strength and she made a desperate effort to run faster. As she did so she felt a hand touch her shoulder. She tried to twist away from it. And now the car was alongside.

A hand reached out and her shoulder was held in its vice-like grip. Then she was looking into Eddie's thin, mean face, his eyes black with hatred, his teeth bared in an animal-like snarl.

A flash of excruciating agony shot through her head. And then it was as if the pavement rushed up to meet her at the same time as the shadowy street itself fell in upon her.

Sitting at his desk, Algy Dark gazed at the headlines that leapt up at him from one of the morning papers.

Like all of them, the headlined story carried a large picture of Archer. The "Daily Globe" appealed to its several million readers as follows:

"Ace television personality vanishes. Have you seen Archer? Almost immediately after the transmission of his sensational programme 'Meet Your Criminals' the night before last, Tod Archer disappeared. Widespread inquiries are being conducted, and anyone who saw him on the night in question is urged to report to Scotland Yard immediately. It is believed that Tod Archer may be suffering from loss of memory."

The telephone rang. Dark said, "Send her up, will you."

A few minutes later the door opened and a middle-aged woman was ushered into the office. Algy Dark stood up, and with a little smile pulled out a chair for the woman. She flopped into it breathlessly and tucked a wisp of grey hair under her hat.

"Mrs. Taylor?" Algy Dark said, and she nodded. "I believe you have some information that might be useful to us."

Please turn to page 28

Lallie

Continued from page 7

JUST considering the number of years it would take her to become a second Miss Johnson made Lallie feel awful. All the winters, all the rain that would fall, all the fog, the buses she would lose, the colds she would have, the headaches—hundreds, she thought dolefully.

The battle for success was physical as well as mental and there was no guarantee that she would emerge like Miss Johnson, whose looks had withstood the test of time so admirably.

If outgoing personal telephone calls had not been taboo at the office, Lallie would have made a call to Fred there and then.

Oh, Fred, she wailed to herself at four o'clock, I love you!

The admission left her gasping and acted as a consolation, too. She told herself that it was not the realisation of all the work involved in career-making that had discouraged her, but the indisputable fact that loving and being loved by Fred seemed much more attractive.

Lallie hung around the office till the very last moment that evening, in the hope that Fred, leaving his office, might make a wild dash to the telephone. But nothing happened and at last, giving up hope, she ran down the steps into the street.

Miss Johnson followed her down and stepped towards a small green car, parked at the kerb. She glanced at Lallie. "Can I give you a lift, Miss Crompton?"

Lallie stared at her, open-mouthed, Miss Johnson offering her a lift! "I . . . she began, and blushed.

Miss Johnson smiled, she seemed to be looking past Lallie. She nodded understandingly, and turned away.

"Was that your Miss Johnson?" asked the voice Lallie had been waiting to hear all day. "She seems a pretty decent sort."

Lallie turned sharply, her heart thumping. "Oh, Fred!" she gasped. "What are you doing here?"

He grinned. "Thought if I wandered down this way I might catch you." She took his arm. "You don't mind, do you?"

"N-no," Lallie said.

They walked along in silence but Lallie's imagination was busy. It transported her to a small kitchen furnished with a gleaming cream and green gas stove and an ingle-nook. At this juncture the prospect of future happiness became too dazzling to be contemplated in silence.

"Oh, Fred!" Lallie gasped. "What's the matter?" He looked down at her in alarm. Her face was white with emotion.

"Nothing." She gulped and clutched his arm with both hands. "I'm so happy." Her eyes shone. "Oh, Fred!"

That evening she finished the Johnson story. Miss Johnson married Fabian.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—January 6, 1951

Australian flag is brainchild of five people

Nationwide competition in 1901 brought in 30,000 designs

This year the Australian flag celebrates its fiftieth birthday.

To honor the anniversary the Commonwealth Government will present a flag as a Jubilee gift to each of the 10,000 schools, State and private, in Australia.

THIS gift is calculated also to stimulate reverence in young Australians for the flag, for even adult Australians know little about their national ensign.

Relatively few people could tell offhand the history of the Australian flag—that it had not one, but five designers, three of whom are now living in Melbourne, and that it was the result of a competition started in November, 1900, by the magazine the "Review of Reviews."

Two months before Australia became a nation the "Review of Reviews" offered £50 for the best design for a national flag.

There had been various unofficial Australian flags before that time, and most of them are forgotten to-day.

In 1823-24 a "national colonial flag for Australia" was put in use by the Government of Sir Thomas Brisbane. It was a white flag charged with the red cross of St. George, and a star in each corner to symbolize the Southern Cross.

Another Australian flag was used in 1851 as the campaign flag of the Australasian Anti-Transportation Society. It was five-starred.

During the Ballarat troubles of 1854, some of the Eureka stock-adeers flew a Southern Cross of five white stars on a blue field.

But Australia still had no official flag after Federation had been proclaimed.

In April, 1901, five months after the "Review of Reviews" began its competition, the new Federal Government announced its own £75-prize flag competition and took over the "Review's" submitted designs as entries for its own. The "Review of Reviews" then joined forces by increasing its prize money to £75. To this £150 a business house added £50.

The response was overwhelming. By the end of June, 1901, when the competition closed, 30,000 designs had been submitted.

Designs ranged in size from as small as a stamp to as big as a sign-board. They featured kookaburras, koalas, kangaroos, waratahs, wattle—every kind of fauna and flora identifiable with Australia—sometimes all at once.

One competitor crowded four designs on a postcard; another sent

an entry which used up 216 square feet of bunting. One designer placed his ideas on a sheet of oiled tissue paper; another painted on opal; a third tried oil paints on wood, and others wrought in calico, silk, satin, brown paper.

Five of the entries were desirable and practical, but so much alike that the judges divided the prize money among the designers. They were: L. J. Hawkins, of Leichhardt, N.S.W.; Ivor Evans, of Haymarket, Melbourne; E. J. Nuttall, of Prahran, Vic.; W. Stevens, of Auckland, N.Z.; and Annie Dorrington, of Bazaar Terrace, Perth.

Four of the five sent their designs to the "Review of Reviews." The fifth, Ivor Evans, then a Melbourne schoolboy, sent his entry direct to the Government.

The exhibition of entries was opened on September 3, 1901, by Lady Hopetoun, wife of the Earl of Hopetoun, first Governor-General.

As soon as Lady Hopetoun had declared the exhibition open, a flag, 18 feet by 36 feet, made from the prize design, was run up the mast over the dome.

King's approval

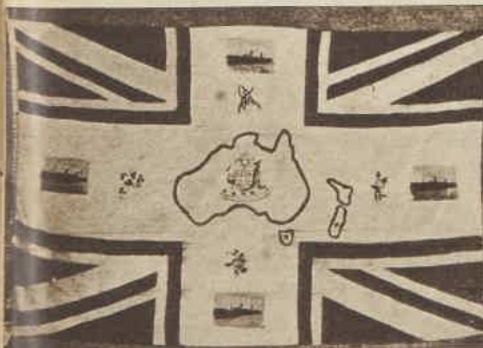
IN 1903 the flag was officially brought into being by a proclamation in the Commonwealth Gazette of that year in which the Governor-General notified that the King (Edward VII) had approved the design.

The Australian flag thus became the blue ensign (red for the merchant flag) with a large six-pointed white star below the Jack, and a Southern Cross—four stars of seven points each and one of five.

The six-pointed star symbolized the six Australian States. In 1908 a seventh point was added to stand for the Federal territories—the Northern Territory, Papua, and Federal Capital Territory.

The only woman prizewinner, Annie Dorrington, died in 1926 in Perth. English-born Mrs. Dorrington

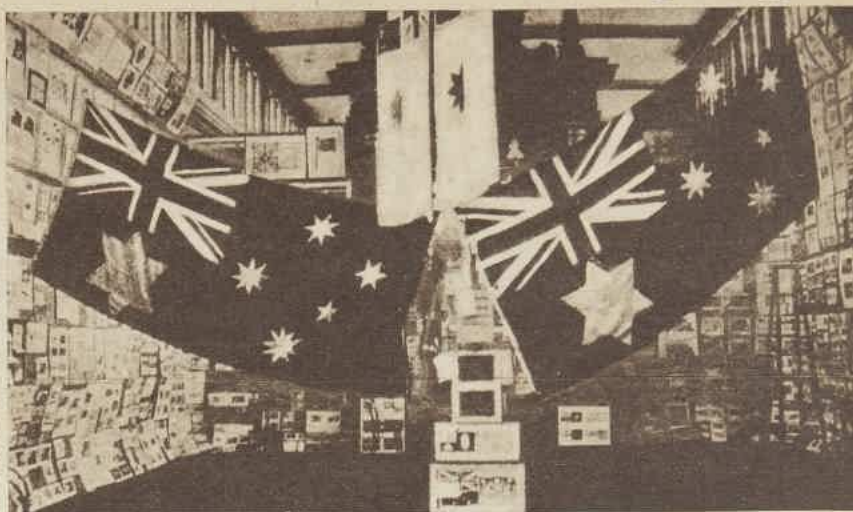
"TYPICALLY AUSTRALIAN" was the description the "Review of Reviews" gave this design featuring emus, cattle, stars, a kookaburra, and a koala.



MAP OF AUSTRALIA, surrounded by the flower emblems of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, was the centrepiece of this proposed flag. Other arresting details included four ships, coat-of-arms, five stars.



"A COMPETITOR WHO FAVORS THE KANGAROO" said the "Review of Reviews" in a laconic caption under this picture of one of the "improbable" entries in the 1901 flag design competition.



PICTURES FROM THE PAST: Two of the five winning designs in the competition conducted by the Federal Government and "Review of Reviews" for an Australian flag hang from the ceiling of the old German Court of the Melbourne Exhibition Building, where judging took place on September 3, 1901.

ton was an artist, and her exhibition of Western Australian wildflowers hangs in the Perth Museum.

Another prizewinner, Mr. Egbert Nuttall, is to-day a cheery octogenarian living at Surrey Hills, Victoria. On special occasions he still runs up his 50-years-old flag, bought with his prize money.

Interviewed in Melbourne, he said: "The prize money was very useful. I wasn't too flush then."

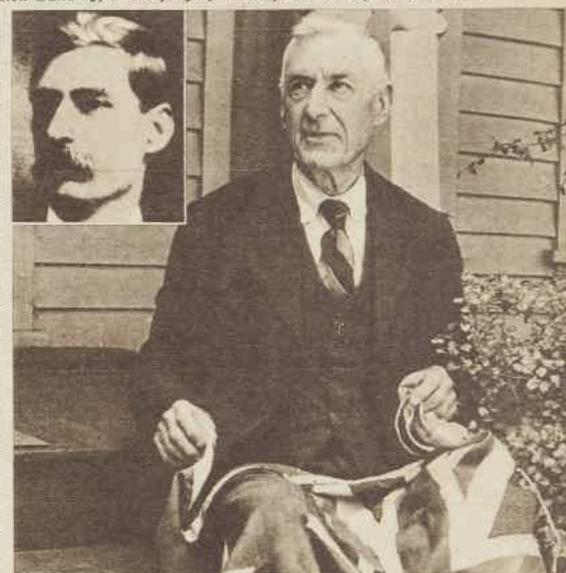
Mr. L. J. Hawkins, 68-year-old optician of Northcote, Victoria, said that love of Australia instilled in him by his pioneering parents, who felled trees in the bush 100 miles south of Sydney to build their first home on their selection, moved him to enter the flag competition.

"I was earning only 5/- a week as an optician's apprentice in Sydney at the time and the prize money came in very handy," he said. "£25 of it went into the bank and with the rest I bought a bicycle."

Another prizewinner now living in Melbourne is Mr. Ivor Evans.

As a schoolboy, Mr. Evans, who is now 64, excelled at drawing and made a hobby of flag-designing.

He would like to see Australia really "flag-conscious," and claims it was at his suggestion that the Commonwealth Government decided to present an Australian flag to every school in the country.



MR. EGBERT NUTTALL, of Surrey Hills, Melbourne, gets his 50-year-old flag ready to hoist in honor of the Jubilee of Federation. Mr. Nuttall called his house "Mirrabooka," native word for Southern Cross. Inset is Mr. Nuttall as he was when he submitted his design.



MR. L. J. HAWKINS, a Northcote, Victoria, optician, keeps the mascot kangaroo he bought 50 years ago out of his flag prize money on a glass showcase in his consulting rooms. Inset is Mr. Hawkins at the age of 18, when he won his prize.

AT HOME AND AT WORK

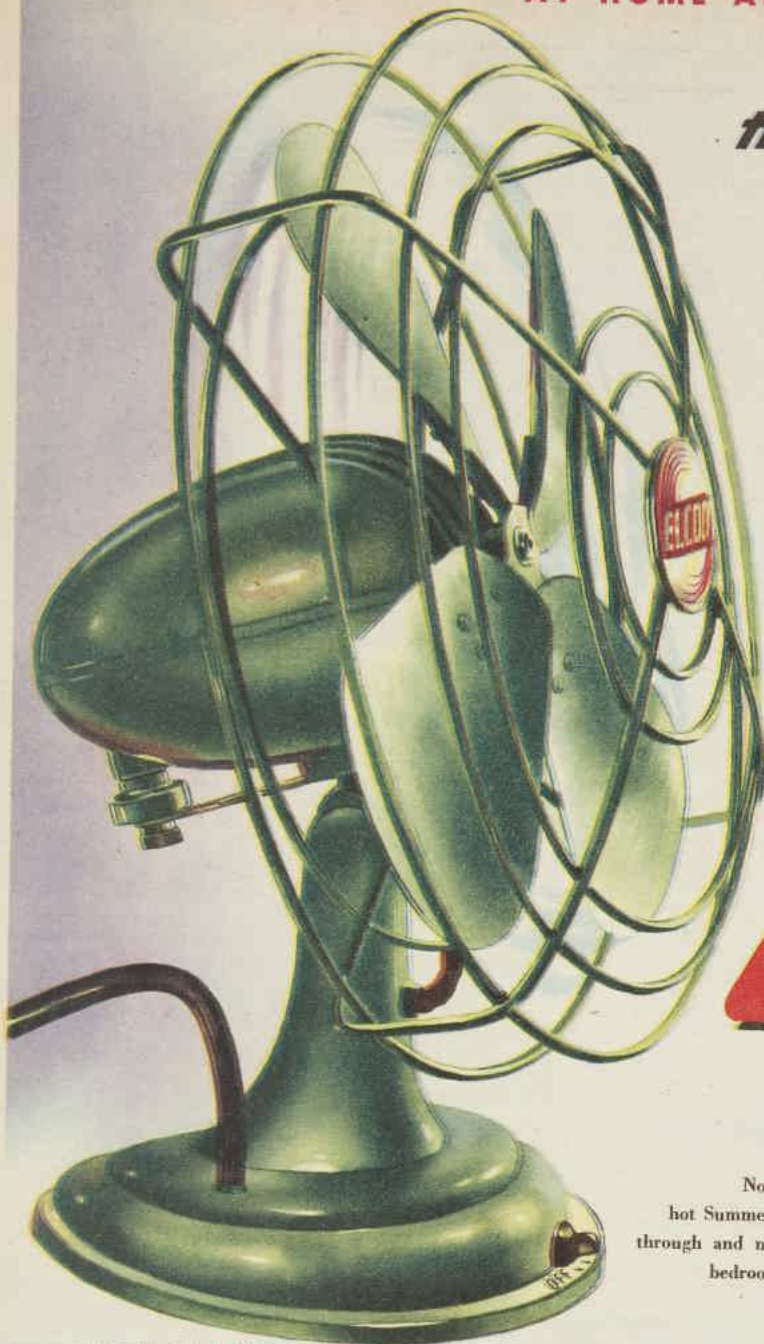
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you to get real relaxation and rest, and wake up bright in the morning. In the office, too, an ELCON FAN means more comfortable working, greater harmony, more output. Get an ELCON FAN, switch it on, keep it on, for year round comfort.

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REF LFP

Leave it to him

... Let him feel he's looking after you. Or else don't complain about the men you know not having any manners.



HE'LL ENJOY his privilege of helping with your wrap if you allow him to feel gallant about it. Accept such attentions prettily, not as a right.



BEATEN TO THE DRAW. Lighting your own cigarette may show independence but it's far more feminine, and certainly far more flattering to your escort, to wait gracefully until he has time to light it for you.



FOILED AGAIN. Allow the man you are with to direct driver. By taking matters into your own hands you usurp your escort's right to seem protective.



HE'LL APPRECIATE being consulted over dinner menu and given chance to air man-about-town knowledge of food and wine. Right: **INTENDED GALLANTRY** of picking up the glove she has dropped is ruined when she stoops for it as well.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—January 6, 1951

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ROUND THE PIANO. Pretty hostess Antoinette Gurr played for Robert Weatherdon (left), Coral Willis, Janene Hunter, and John Taylor at her first formal dance, given by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Gurr. An ex-pupil of S.C.E.G.S., Antoinette will go to Le Columbian finishing school in the Dandenong Ranges.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS



INDIAN CADET GRADUATE. Lieutenant Arvind Viswanath Gore, a son of Mr. Gore, who was formerly attached to the Indian Legion at Canberra, with Sydney girl Pauline Thomas at the Duntroon ball.



SUPPER TIME. Jennifer Snelling and Staff-Cadet Beresford Nyman shared a dish of ice-cream with Staff-Cadet Richard Ashley Riddle, of Melbourne, and Suzanne Snelling at the ball at Royal Military College, Duntroon, following the "passing out" ceremony.



PINNING ON THE "PIPS." Pat McDonald, daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. W. D. McDonald, of Mugga Way, Canberra, pinned on the "pips" for Lieutenant John Newton, of Mayfield, Newcastle, assisted by John's mother, at the ball at Royal Military College, Duntroon.

HAPPY days ahead for three pretty lasses who are busy preparing for their weddings. They are Jane Broadbent, eldest daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. J. R. Broadbent, of "Merigan," Mount Fairy; Ann Yates, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Yates, of Chatswood; and Joan Kelly, only child of Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Kelly, of Yass.

Jane will wear a simple white lace frock when she weds Geoffrey Knox, only son of the E. R. Knoxs, of Bellevue Hill, at tiny St. Philip's Church at Bungendore, 14 miles from her home, this Saturday.

Bridesmaids will be Jane and Geoffrey's sisters, Anabel Broadbent and Fiona Knox. They will wear summery white marquisette frocks and wreaths of green leaves in their hair. Michael Willisallen will attend Geoff.

FAIR-HAIRED Ann Yates, who will wed Geoffrey Davidson, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Hector Davidson, of "Verana," Young, at St. James', Turramurra, on January 10, is keeping secret her frock and those of youthful attendants, Maureen Hordern, Gillian Davidson, Robin Fearcy, and Caroline Yates, but told me she will wear an ice-blue travelling frock with creamy collar of French lace and blue flower-trimmed hat.

Best man will be Ann's brother Michael, and groomsmen Michael Davidson, of Young, and Bruce Powell, from Queanbeyan.

TAILORED cream faille wedding gown will be perfect foil for century-old hand-embroidered Brussels lace veil, which Joan Kelly will wear for her marriage to Oliver Woods, whose parents, Commander W. E. Woods, R.N., and Mrs. Woods, arrived on the Himalaya this Tuesday from England. The wedding is on January 11 at St. Stephen's, Macquarie Street.

Oliver's sister Barbara, who arrived with her parents, will be bridesmaid, and newlywed Mrs. John Crawford, formerly Audrey King, who will come from Melbourne, and Mrs. R. A. C. Holmes, of Yass, will be matrons of honor—all in frocks of pearl-pink faille, with matching tulle stoles.

WITH the summer heat upon us, the newlywed Alan Clarks picked just the time to move into a flat at Watson's Bay after honeymoon at Jervis Bay, Narooma, and Canberra.

Alan's bride is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Kruckow, of Bondi Junction. Wedding was at All Saints', Woollahra.



LEIS OF FRIENDSHIP. Helsey Harvey (left) and Roxane Ross, who were president and secretary of the Christmas dance hosted by 31 third-year pupils of Kambala School at Woollahra Golf House, put gay leis on Ian Littlejohn, of Darwin, and Ian Wallace, of Vaucluse.



HAPPY GROUP. John Lewis, Lawson (left), Barbara Butler, Mungindi, Neil Nicholl, Lismore, Jan Davidson, David Hamman, and Valerie Williams, who were among the young folk at the dance at Woollahra Golf House hosted by 34 pupils from Kambala Girls' School.



HAVING A SPELL. Annette Clayton (left), Phyllis Walker, John Kemety, Robin Amadio, and Tony Reading took floor-side seats to chat between dances at Antoinette Gurr's dance.

EXCITING time in the Binnie household at 4D Station, Quirindi, when two elder daughters both announced engagement on the same day. Mary Jean, who is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Binnie, is wearing ruby ring with diamond shoulders presented to her by Steve Willis, who is the only son of Mrs. L. N. Willis, of Charleville, Queensland, and the late Mr. Willis.

Sue, the second daughter, flashes sapphire engagement ring with diamond shoulders given by local boy Bruce McDonald, popular son of the R. A. McDonalds, of Red Braes, Quirindi. Engagements are celebrated at party for 150 at 4D Station, where attractive sisters are centre of attention by lads and lasses from the district. Only disappointment is that Mary Jean's fiancé, Steve Willis, was unable to leave property in Queensland.

GOURMET'S way of appreciating a meal was in evidence at the buffet reception to open The Bamboo Chinese restaurant in Pitt Street, when plates of fresh cherries and apricots were handed round between each course so that the flavor from one dish would not detract from the next.

Charming Madame Kan Nai Kang apologised for absence of her husband, the Ambassador for China, who is visiting the Chinese Embassy, in Formosa.

BRIEFLY . . . Newlywed Alan Burdages will live in Glen Innes after honeymoon at Palm Beach . . . P.L.C.; Croydon; friends of Annette Newman celebrated end-of-school days at a dance Annette gave at Wyoming, Strathfield.

Anne

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NUPATH the entirely new scientific development. It is not a paint but an iron-hard, genuine enamel, made to stand up to the heaviest foot-traffic. On paths, it gives a finishing touch of colour to make the garden perfect. On garage floors, its enamel surface resists

grease and dirt. You hose it clean. **NUPATH** covers worn linoleum with gleaming beauty. Its weatherproof surface is ideal for cement bathroom floors and verandahs. Your local Taylor's Paint Agent has full supplies and welcomes your enquiry.



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WORTH REPORTING

EVERY hair a rope-yarn and every drop of blood a drop of Stockholm tar — the old description of a sailor — certainly applies to retired English sea captain Sir E. Geoffrey Brookes, of Lindfield, Sydney.

Over a cup of tea we swapped yarns with this charming deepwater sailorman, who was recently elected president of the Shiplovers' Society of N.S.W.

After nearly 40 years at sea, Sir Geoffrey has retired, very reluctantly, he admits, to a quiet shore job and a game of bowls.

"But sea captains never really retire," he confided to us. "We always dream about our years at sea even after our last trip. A deepwater sailorman can never really become a landlubber."

And Sir Geoffrey is certainly a sailor of the old school. He trained in square-riggers.

Although he spent the five years of World War II running supplies, troops, and ammunition in the Mediterranean and Far East and had some hair-raising escapes, he told us: "I can't say that I have experienced a worse trip than in the barque Invermay when we spent many weary weeks beating round Cape Horn."

Sir Geoffrey recalled sitting on 400 tons of gelignite in the port of Rangoon in 1942, when he was captain of the British India Company's ship Karoo.

"We had seven air raids and nearly died of fright seven times, but we came through all right," he said.

"There was the time in the Med. when three ships round us were blown out of the water, and a near hit lifted our stern right out of the water."

"But I still think of those weeks off old Cape Horn, covered in salt-water boils, wrestling with frozen canvas, never dry. Yes, those were the worst weeks of my life."

Sir Geoffrey told us about the Shiplovers' Society.

It was founded in 1934 by three sea captains, William Wade, F. Y. Baylton, and W. Lucas. Its members are men interested in the sea and ships, especially in preserving relics of the old days of sail.

We left Sir Geoffrey with the smell of salt spray in our nostrils and a sea breeze blowing in our hair.

AN applicant for the job of clerk in the Crickhowell (Wales) Parish Council wrote recently: "I am 92 years old, in good health, and eminently suited to the job, as I have wide experience of putting up with insults and suffering indignities."

**"Crawfie" and husband
move to Scotland**

MISS MARION CRAWFORD, whose book, "The Little Princesses," The Australian Women's Weekly published last year, is leaving the pleasant little "grace and favor" cottage in the grounds of Kensington Palace, where she has lived since she retired from her job as governess to Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret.

Her husband, Major George Ruthlay, a banker, has retired, and they are returning to their native Scotland. They will live in Aberdeen.

No one knows yet who will be the new tenant of the cottage. There is a rumor that the Duchess of Kent may have it as a London residence. Others say that Lord and Lady Garisbrooke, cousins of the King, will move there from their smaller house at Kew.

The decision rests with the King.



"Yes, it's cheap right enough. You understand that it's two thousand payments, not pounds!"

**Search for Irish
descendants**

FROM Warner, New Hampshire, U.S.A., comes a letter from Richard Hyer, who is interested in tracing descendants of the Howard family of the Dungannon District, Co. Tyrone, N. Ireland.

First member of the family to settle there is believed to have been a John Howard in the 17th century.

By the 1770's a sizeable colony of descendants had established themselves in the surrounding towns of Newmills, Carland, Drumcagh, Cullion, Farlough, Donaghmore, and Gortnalush.

Mr. Hyer's great-grandparents migrated to America in 1837.

Other members of the family migrated to the U.S., Canada, and Australia.

Mr. Hyer is endeavoring to trace these for family history purposes. Roy W. Howard, the New York newspaper publisher, is interested in the quest. His ancestors were the Howards of Enniskillen.

Mr. Hyer also sends greetings as a disabled veteran of the 27th American Division to those "incomparable Diggers with whom it was my privilege to serve at the breaking of the Hindenburg Line in 1918."

**Memorial picture of
Air Force officer**

A FINE painting by the famous English aeronautical painter, Frank Wootten, hangs in the mess of No. 22, City of Sydney, Air Force Squadron as a memorial to Group-Captain John ("Sam") Balmer, killed in action over Belgium in 1944.

Sam Balmer was C.O. of the squadron before World War II. Recently his mother, Mrs. K. Balmer, of Victoria, and her family presented the picture, which was commissioned by Dr. Catherine Franklin, the airman's sister, while studying in England.

The picture shows three Lancasters returning from a night raid in the dawn.

Many Australian airmen will remember Sam Balmer. He was a member of the permanent Air Force, joined in 1932. He did two tours of operations in the Pacific before going to England to take over the Australian Lancaster Bombing Squadron, No. 467.

A bachelor, Balmer's pet interests in life were fast aeroplanes and fast cars.

Rollie Kingsford Smith, who was C.O. of another squadron in England, No. 463, and a lifelong friend of the late Sam Balmer, told us it is just the kind of picture Sam would have chosen himself.

"He loved those old Lances," he added.

**Making your own
false eyelashes**

THERE'S a heavy tax on cosmetics in America as well as in Australia.

Candy Jones, who trains the famous Conover models, says that girls can save money by making their own false eyelashes.

"Just knot short pieces of your own hair on one longer strand, trim, curl, and mascara them," she instructs. "Then glue them along the lashes like any other false eyelashes."

We pass it on for what it's worth, but imagine that it would need more than average skill.

**Soviet ship's crew
bought presents**

WHEN the Russian freighter Dmitry Donskoy reached Sydney last month one of our reporters, who sails her own yacht, sailed alongside and climbed up the Jacob's ladder to interview the captain and crew.

On board the ship she asked a little man clad in khaki shirt and trousers, standing beside some wharf-laborers who were loading timber, where she could find the master, Captain J. Drabkin.

"I am the captain," he announced in good English. In his cabin, decorated with large portraits of Lenin and Stalin, he produced lemonade and introduced our reporter to the ship's doctor, Dr. Katrine Balinova, a titian-haired woman of about 45.

Dr. Balinova speaks no English. She conveyed, through the captain, that she had bought her sister a beautiful Australian fur coat for a New Year gift. ("We don't celebrate Christmas in Russia," interpolated the captain.)

Dr. Balinova, who is the only woman on board, has been at sea for many years. She served as a ship's doctor during World War II, and has been in the Dmitry Donskoy for four months. Her sister is also a doctor.

"We have many women in the Russian merchant service," Captain Drabkin said. "Women are equal with men in Russia and take any jobs they like."

Captain Drabkin said he had bought his 19-year-old son a tie from Sydney for a New Year gift.

"He is a typical teenager, my son," said the captain. "They seem to be the same the world over. The craze in Leningrad is for gaudy ties. I bought the loudest one in the whole of Sydney. I think it is terrible, but he will like it."

Captain Drabkin said that his crew were very young and most interested in Australia.

"I give them lectures on the history and people of all the countries we visit," he said. "In Sydney we visited the Zoo and the Museum."

**My favorite
poem**

THESE are the favorite lines of Miss Irene Cosgrove, 235 Coppin St., Burnley, Vic. Send us your favorite lines.

*We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those
That tell of saddest thought.*

From "To a Skylark," by Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Two hard rivers to row



MAP SHOWING the route being taken by the expedition which is re-enacting Sturt's discovery of the Murray River in 1829-30. Whaleboat crew will travel overland from Sydney to Maude, New South Wales, then row 850 miles to Goolwa, South Australia.

Modern Sturt faces tough trip despite up-to-date amenities

By PATRICIA ROLFE, staff reporter

Re-enactment of Sturt's journey down the Murrumbidgee and Murray Rivers will be much harder going than the original trip in 1829-30.

Locks and weirs have slowed up the flow of the rivers considerably.

THE crew of six army volunteers will row every inch of the 850-mile trip from Maude, on the Murrumbidgee, to Goolwa, at the mouth of the Murray, in a whaleboat.

The crew trained most strenuously, and have privately agreed to give the two actors, Grant Taylor (Captain Sturt) and Rodney Taylor (George McLeay), a turn at the oars, too.

This year's expedition will not, of course, have to row back upstream on only three-quarters of a pound of flour a day and a quarter of a pound of tea a week.

However, several anachronisms are unavoidable to safeguard the safety and health of the party, and to cope with feeding and housing the entire expedition.

The Army is in charge of messing, sleeping accommodation, and transport for the whole party.

An expert cook and a caterer

have gone along. Most of the food is being bought locally.

Instead of the long stretches of seemingly barren country peopled by unfriendly aborigines, which Sturt saw, this year's expedition will be greeted all along the route by enthusiastic, hospitable country people.

Members of the 1951 "exploratory" party will be able to smear themselves with mosquito repellent—a comfort Sturt and his men didn't have.

The party will wake in the morning to the sound of an alarm-clock and not the laughing jackass that Sturt mentioned in his diary.

Press, film, and broadcasting coverage will enable people living in all parts of the Commonwealth to follow the travellers along their journey, which begins on January 7 and is due to end on February 11.

A film will be made of the expedition, recapturing the authentic atmosphere of Sturt's trip, including an attack by natives and the incident when the skill, carrying their supplies, sank.

This film, with all modern touches excluded, will be particularly valuable to schools.

Festivities planned

THE Commonwealth Films Division is making another film of the expedition, showing crowds of country towns welcoming the travellers and giving glimpses of the festivities in their honor.

This is for local and overseas distribution.

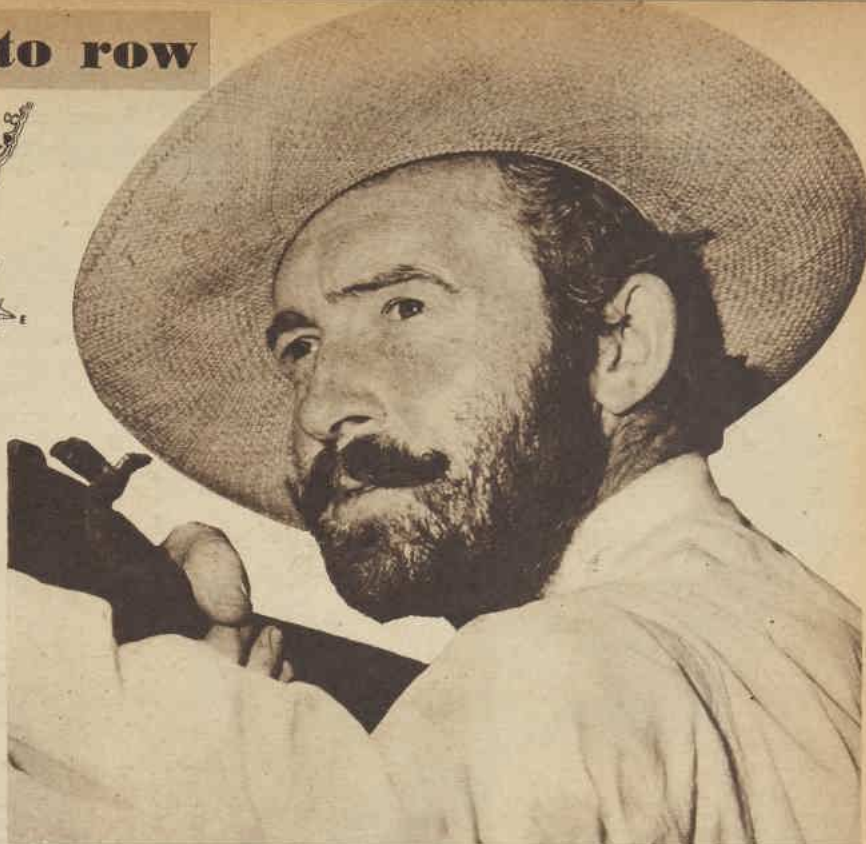
Convener of the Jubilee Arts Subcommittee and General Manager of the A.B.C., Mr. Charles Moses, says the Murrumbidgee and Murray trip was chosen so that the spectacle can be seen by the greatest possible number of people.

This is apart from the intrinsic importance of Sturt's exploration, which opened up some of the richest country in the Commonwealth.

The whaleboat will go into the water at Maude, but the Press, film, and radio units, travelling in Army ducks, will not enter the Murray until Boundary Bend.

Country towns along the route are rivaling each other in their efforts to entertain the party and to find some entertainment which will make the visit to their town memorable.

At each centre where the ex-



SYDNEY ACTOR Grant Taylor is portraying Sturt. Taylor is an experienced film-player.

pedition stops, Grant Taylor, as Sturt, is presenting a scroll to the Mayor.

Captain Anthony Sturt, who was invited to come from England to take part in the commemoration of his great-grandfather's achievements, is laying wreaths on Sturt memorials on the route.

Sturt memorials are at Gundagai, Narrandera, Hay, Mildura, and Renmark.

Captain Sturt will also visit a plot of ground that was given to his great-grandfather by the admiring citizens of Wentworth.

Every large town is arranging a dinner or a ball for the travellers.

At most of them local girls are dressing in period costume to partner the boat crew. In several places young boys are dressing as a miniature crew.

At Euston, local girls will dress as lubras.

At Narrandera, a ballet, based on aboriginal themes, is being performed by local dancers.

A water-ballet is being staged in the swimming-pool.

None of Sturt's original crew could swim. The Army volunteers are all expert swimmers and have challenged a Narrandera team to a relay race.

At Balranald, about 30 natives will stage a mock-attack on Sturt's party as part of the film being made of the expedition.

After leaving Balranald the boat-party will be out of touch with the land-party for three days.

The Deputy Mayor of Balranald, Mr. Keith Boynton, has offered to fly his light plane over the river area to report on the boat's progress.

Residents of the Barossa Valley wine-growing district will hire buses to drive to the river to speed the expedition on its way.

Members of the expedition will travel overland from Goolwa to Adelaide and are due to arrive on February 12, when they will be welcomed at the Town Hall.



STURT'S CREW are (left to right): J. C. J. Laughlin (captain), R. W. O. Pugh, P. Frost, R. E. Wells, I. G. C. Gilmore, and B. C. G. Forward. Below are three pretty girls in period costume, who are farewelling the expedition from Sydney.



PAGEANTS IN ALL STATES

TASMANIA, Queensland, and Western Australia have also decided to dramatise part of their history for the Jubilee Celebrations.

Tasmania is sending a mail-coach over the historic run from Launceston to Hobart.

The meeting at Hobart Parliament House of the Federal Council in 1886 and the Premiers' Conference of 1895, which were important steps towards Federation, are also being re-enacted.

Western Australia is re-enacting the historic voyage up the Swan River by James Stirling in 1827.

Western Australia is also planning a dramatisation of the explorer Eyre and his faithful black boy arriving at Albany in 1841.

Queensland will make its celebration a reconstruction of the foundation of Bowen, which took place on April 12, 90 years ago.

For evening Glamor—



— and Daytime Protection!

Now is the time to start preparing your hair for the hot summer months ahead.

Summer means colourful, soignée gowns — parties and dances — occasions when you want your hair to look its silky, glamorous best.

So remember after that enjoyable surfing, tennis, hiking in the drying sun, your hair *must* have that careful nourishing and reconditioning treatment that only Marigny Vitaliser can give.



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Marigny Hair Vitaliser will definitely eradicate dandruff, split and hair dryness — giving the hair a lustrous beauty and revealing hidden colour that will amaze and delight you. So ask your hairdresser, favourite store or chemist for Marigny Hair Vitaliser — Australia's No. 1 Hair Tonic — for the good of your hair.



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"Okay, sister, have it your own way, but you'll never catch a fish with bait like that."

It seems to me...

ALL my eye and Betty Martin department: Thousands of German children told the Mayor of Hanover just before Christmas that they didn't want toy tanks or jet bombers for presents and objected to their display in the shops.

According to the story from Berlin, a meeting of non-Communist youth associations in the British zone voted for a ban on lead soldiers, model tanks, and so on, saying: "We German children will not tolerate such dangerous toys being put into our hands."

I don't doubt that such a meeting took place, and that such a resolution emanated from it. But I do doubt that the framers were children young enough to play with toys.

Children may be better off without war toys. It is possible that such toys increase their tolerance of the idea of war—but I doubt it very much.

I think that when they're at the age to enjoy toy bombers and tanks, their knowledge of what the things stand for is so sketchy that there's no connection in their minds between play and reality.

NO less a figure than Mr. Churchill has pronounced that it is advisable for married couples to breakfast separately.

In a letter to an American friend he said that he and his wife had tried breakfast together two or three times in the past 40 years, but had found it so disagreeable that they had to stop it or their marriage would have been wrecked.

Breakfast is undoubtedly the testing time of family life. Separate breakfasts are seldom possible in lower income groups, or indeed in any household without servants.

I did once know a family who all made their own toast and tea, retiring to bedrooms or odd corners of the verandah to eat in privacy, but they were regarded by neighbors as eccentric. The wife, who introduced it as a bold experiment, confessed once in a moment of weakness that the subsequent litter in the kitchen sometimes made her less tolerant of her loved ones than if she had been forced to listen to their early morning grumbling at table.

The morning paper I believe to be the great saviour of harmony at the breakfast table, and can never understand why wives object to their husbands reading the paper then. That is, of course, if they read in decent silence. It is another matter if they punctuate their toast-munching with outbursts about the latest reported iniquity of the Government.

IT is difficult to reconcile two pieces of news about hair styles, the one that ping-pong balls and pipe-cleaners are being used as decorations for the head in Britain, the other that the new look in hair is one of "hauteur."

A Melbourne hairdresser brought back the news about the ping-pong balls from Britain from where, earlier, had come the edict about hauteur.

It would be well nigh impossible to look haughty with ping-pong balls and pipe-cleaners on the head, no matter how gilded and disguised. It is, in fact, very difficult to look haughty unless you are born with the right kind of cheekbones and the requisite height. If you have those natural advantages you should be modelling for one of the high-fashion shiny magazines in America where the girls are required to wear their beauty with a disdainful air.

Trying to look haughty without the natural endowments is a lost cause. The only result is an expression resembling that produced by indigestion or tight shoes.



Dorothy Drain

IN a satirical piece of advice to Frenchmen visiting England for the first time, a Paris newspaper says: "Avoid frankness at all times."

It continues: "In speaking of an idiot, say 'He has a marvellous sense of humor.'"

The whole piece is an entertaining dig at various characteristics of the Englishman, but a propensity for tact rather than truth is, I think, to be commended. In fact, a sound piece of advice at all times is, "Use frankness like high explosives—with the greatest care."

There are occasions when it is desirable to be frank; there are occasions when it is irresistible. But it's fairly safe to say that the proportion of charm in personality is in practically inverse ratio to the proportion of frankness.

ONE of the most methodical people I know has already taken out his cheque book and written "51" after the "19" on the next six blank cheques. Bank tellers wish everyone would do the same.

THE European Travel Commission in America is making a drive to get more American tourists to travel abroad this year. The Commission has a theory that if more people spend money abroad it will reduce the pressure on scarce goods at home, thus curbing inflation.

It's a nice idea. The way things look one can only hope that the tourists won't wear khaki.

THE New Zealand Government's action in paying cash bonuses to pensioners in January must rank as one of the most pleasant gestures ever made by a government.

The bonuses, mostly a tenner each, are being paid because of the country's huge wool cheque.

The recipients include all classes of pensioners and those on sickness and unemployment benefits.

Unexpected money is always delightful. It always seems to be worth twice as much as expected money, and the fact that it comes from the Government—about the last body normally expected to think of such an idea—must give it an added glow.

TALKING of money from the Government, though in rather a different class, all the people who received their tax refunds before Christmas are now inclined to envy those still awaiting cheques.

In most households the lean month of January probably ranks as the happiest month of all in which to receive a tax refund.

The fish-shop cat is black and sleek, life holds for him no cares;

He sits in the sun outside the door and dreams of his master's wares.

Within is paradise, tiled and cool, and the scents that assail his nose

Make him sympathise with the florist's cat who exists on the smell of a rose.

He purrs when the customers stoop as they pass for a superstitious pal,

For it's extra lucky as well he knows to be black and a fish-shop cat.

who me?

Yes! you young lady...

Now is the time to realise how easy it is to plan for your future happiness. To plan for more enjoyable holidays; for those pretty things so good for your morale; for a lovelier trousseau and the little extras which will make your future home so much more beautiful.

If you are not interested in wedding bells, plan for pleasure; for the joys of travel; for early retirement from business; for a life of comfort and contentment. Realise that freedom from want and worry are your greatest blessings. Brighten your future and further your plans with an account in the Commonwealth Savings Bank.

At current interest rates a regular deposit of 1/- a week would amount—
in 5 years to £13/12/1; in 15 years to £45/3/6
in 10 years to £28/12/2; in 20 years to £63/8/4

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C.S.B.W. 42

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Gives Kruschen credit for curbing rheumatism!

Popular "Charlie" White, head mechanist of His Majesty's Theatre, Melbourne, and his wife are full of zest for living! Thanks to the regular daily dose of Kruschen Salts.

READ HIS LETTER:

"When my family grew up, my wife and I looked forward to taking up new activities.

"But, in the forties, rheumatism stepped in and at times even everyday work became hard with that nagging pain in every joint.

"Our chemist got my wife started on Kruschen and when I saw how free she was of the pain, well and bright again, I took it myself and, believe me, I've scarcely had a twinge of rheumatism since, and that was five years ago."



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KR.11



LOVELY AUSTRALIAN MODELS Lois Stevens (left) and Fairy Folkes pose at the bar of the famous 21 Club, favorite night-club of Princess Margaret. Lois wears Worth's banana-cream face-cloth dinner dress embroidered with topaz, pearl, and diamante, while Fairy wears Michael Sherard's fine white doeskin sheath dinner dress with a long stole lined with green chiffon.



Bewitching WOOL



JUDY BARRACLOUGH (left), the tallest mannequin in London, has joined Norman Hartnell's mannequin staff. She poses here in his three-quarter coat in red velour with outsize pockets.

NORMAN HARTNELL'S double face velour reversible coat worn over a beige tailored frock is modelled by Judy Barraclough. Judy may model clothes that the Royal Family will wear on their 1952 tour here.

NOLA ROSE wears Charles Creed's reversible red and black velour coat (right). She poses against buildings being erected on the south bank of the Thames for the Festival of Britain.



Five beautiful girls—four Australians and one titian-haired English girl—pose in London in superb wollen clothes designed by top-flight fashion houses. The clothes were shown by the International Wool Secretariat.



DRAMATIC evening coat designed by Peter Russell in his new shade, pewter, is lined with accordion-pleated shot taffeta. English girl Yvonne Nightingale is the model. Matching dinner dress is in chiffon tweed.

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DOAN'S OINTMENT goes to work on Eczema and other skin complaints in 3 ways. It relieves the pain and itch, protects inflamed skin, and combats infection. Never scratch itching skin! Apply DOAN'S OINTMENT for safe, soothing relief.

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"Who is she?"

"Isn't she lovely!" That's what men and women so often say about the blonde or brunette who uses new Sta-blond or Brunitex "Make-up" Shampoo. No wonder she catches every eye.

She can be YOU. Sta-blond and Brunitex do even more than make your hair MORE SHINY and RADIANT—they ENRICH its natural color by several shades. They were the first shampoos to contain Lanolin (concentrated Lanolin).

Be a "Who is she?" girl! Try Sta-blond if you're fair or Brunitex if you're dark—see what your friends'll say tomorrow!

NOW AVAILABLE AS LIQUIDS—IF YOU PREFER

VIRGINIA ROBERTS'
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for fair hair for dark hair

make you prettier



MRS. TAYLOR

clasped her bulging handbag more firmly and said, "I don't know if it's got anything to do with this lost-memory business, it's only that I remember something that happened the night before last and seeing the poor man's picture in the paper this morning, I thought it might have been him I saw."

Dark nodded encouragingly.

She went on slowly: "I live in the Fulham Road myself. But the night I'm speaking of I'd been over to my married daughter who lives just off the King's Road. River Street it is."

"I was taking a short cut to the King's Road bus stop on my way home. I came out of River Street to turn into the street next to it."

"What time was this?"

"Must've been about twenty-past eleven," the woman decided after a moment's thought. "Yes, just about that time I'd say. There wasn't very many people about, and just as I got to the street what runs behind King's Road, I forget the name of it, I noticed a man coming towards me. On the same side he was."

"Rather like me younger brother he was. Tallish, big, and untidy-looking, in a floppy mackintosh and hat sort of stuck on the back of his head. He was smoking a cigarette, I remember," she added.

"Sounds as if it might have been our man."

"Well, then I noticed a car coming along behind him, then it stopped. The driver puts his head out of the car and spoke to this other man. Must've asked this other chap for a light, because he pulled out a lighter. The driver took it, and I saw him light his cigarette. Then he gives back the lighter and starts talking to him. By this time I was passing them."

"Did you hear what the man in the car said?"

The woman shook her head.

"I crossed over then and turned up towards King's Road. And that's all, I'm afraid."

"When you crossed over, did you notice whether the car and the man who was walking were still there?"

The other shook her head again.

"No, I didn't look back," she said. "There was no reason why I should, was there?"

Algy Dark agreed that there was no reason why she should have looked back. He pushed the "Daily Globe" across to her.

"The chap in the raincoat look like this man?"

She studied Archer's picture closely. "I'll swear it's him."

"But you can't remember what the man in the car looked like?"

She hesitated, then said, frown-

The Dark Bureau

Continued from page 16

ing: "Now you come to mention it, I do seem to remember he had a thin, sort of mean-looking face."

"How old?"

She frowned. Youngish, she thought.

No, she couldn't remember anything else about him.

Oh, there was one thing she did notice. When he looked up from lighting his cigarette, his eyebrows were almost joined across his nose.

A memory stirred faintly at the back of Algy Dark's mind. But it vanished as he tried to catch it. He asked: "What about the car?"

Mrs. Taylor looked apologetic.

"I can't say I know very much about cars. I'm afraid I didn't notice the number or anything like that."

"Color?"

"Black, I think it was. I know it wasn't a light color anyway."

Algy Dark stood up.

"Thank you very much for calling in, Mrs. Taylor. What you have told me may be of very great help."

WHEN the woman had gone, Algy Dark stood for a moment gazing abstractedly at the newspaper-crowded desk. Then he picked up the telephone.

"Nice vague job for you," he said into the mouthpiece. "Check through your picture gallery for a youngish chap with a face that could be described as thin and mean, and with eyebrows getting mixed up with each other over his nose. It rings a bell somewhere with me, so I think he's probably in your collection."

He replaced the receiver and leant against the desk, thinking hard.

Suddenly he lifted the receiver again. Then he glanced at his watch. By the time, he decided, replacing the receiver, he had got round to Television House it would be getting on to aperitif time. Instead of talking to him over the phone it might appeal to the Malone girl to come out with him for a drink followed by lunch.

By the time they'd reached the coffee she might have given him something useful to work on concerning Archer and his television show.

Some half an hour later, Algy Dark found himself in Lewis Hull's office. Hull's face was harassed-looking, and he was pulling nervously at a cold pipe.

"She should have been in hours ago," he was saying. "I've rung her flat, but there's no reply. Here—let's go along to her office. She may just have arrived."

Dark followed him along the corridor to an office the door of which was open, and they went in. Hull indicated the empty coat-stand.

"Her coat and hat aren't here," he said. "I can't understand it."

"She had no job that would have taken her away from the office this morning?"

"On the contrary, we are supposed to be working on next week's show. If there's going to be another show."

HISTORY QUIZ ANSWERS

Answers to History Quiz on page 14: 1, Lawrence Hargrave; 2, Nellie Melba; 3, Henry Lawson; 4, John MacArthur; 5, Caroline Chisholm; 6, Ned Kelly; 7, Sir Charles Kingsford Smith; 8, Daisy Bates; 9, Eileen Joyce; 10, John Batman.

"There may be yet," Dark said quietly, and went on: "So by all the rules she should have been here at the usual time to work with you on the show?"

Lewis Hull nodded emphatically.

"Definitely. Even if she wasn't speaking to me," he blurted out, "we're still working on a job together."

"Even if she wasn't speaking to you?"

Hull looked uncomfortable.

"It was something last night," he said. "She rang me up last night and told me a fantastic yarn about how she had been out trailing some suspect and—"

"She had been what?" Dark rapped at him.

"I know," the other muttered miserably. "That was just the way I felt about it, and I said so. I said—"

"Never mind what you said. What did she say?"

"I can't remember all of it properly. I was feeling pretty worked up when I realised what she'd been up to. But it was something about she'd recalled some conversation which she thought might have something to do with Archer."

"She said it was pretty vague really, which was why, she said, she hadn't spoken to you or even me about it. That's why she had gone out on the trail herself. Words to that effect it was."

"She gave you no idea at all where the trail had led her, or what the conversation was?"

"I'm afraid I didn't give her much chance to. I was so livid with her for behaving the way she had instead of coming to you or to me that I fairly flew off the handle. Called her Mata Hari and all that sort of thing."

"She was speaking from her flat?"

The other hesitated a moment.

"I suppose so, though somehow she didn't sound as if she was."

"She didn't suggest she wasn't in her flat? Or where she was or where she might be going?"

"No." Suddenly Hull looked at Algy Dark, his eyes wide. "You don't think anything's happened to her?"

"Your guess is as good as mine," Dark snapped.

At that moment there was a movement at the door, and he wheeled round expectantly, but the girl who was paused there on the threshold wasn't Malone.

"Sorry to barge in," the girl at the door said and smiled at Dark. To Hull: "I thought Malone would be here. I want to borrow her typewriter. Mine's run amok. Is that all right, do you think?"

Please turn to page 36

Stomach "queasy"

—food upset her



Suck 2 Rennie's
—AH!
THAT'S BETTER!

Nasty feeling, that nausea caused by an upset stomach. When you get an attack of indigestion, you want immediate relief—and you can get it, if you have a couple of Digestif Rennie's with you. Just suck these pleasant-tasting tablets; Rennie's five-fold formula quickly neutralises the excess acid that causes the trouble. The pain goes in seconds!

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H10.8.

Hollywood families

THREE of Hollywood's most devoted parents are film stars Robert Walker, Bing Crosby, and pretty little Jeanne Crain.

Here are three happy pictures of the stars with their children.

At the right you see Robert Walker building a boat for his two boys, who are sailing enthusiasts when they are not at the family ranch.

The property is named "El Rancho de Los Tres Ejotes." This is Spanish for "the ranch of the three string beans," a description which father Bob says fits himself and the boys perfectly.

The three Walkers recently returned from a working holiday in the Colorado Rockies. While the boys spent their time hunting and fishing, their father took part in action shots of "Vengeance Valley," M.G.M.'s technicolor Western.

The Crosbys are shown at ease in the picture below, left, but they all work as farmhands on their large ranch at Elko, Nevada, and enjoy it.

Husky Gary Crosby is already being applauded for radio appearances with papa Bing, but is being encouraged to concentrate on college rather than a career for a few years.

The box-office champion himself will be seen as a song-writer in "Mr. Music," his next Paramount show.

The family album picture of Jeanne Crain and her little brood (lower right) was taken in the library of the comfortable Brinkman home in picturesque San Fernando Valley.

A serious reader and classical pianist, actress Jeanne believes that she is not really domesticated. She just likes to spend most of her time romping around with the youngsters, and wants to have a much larger family.

Twentieth Century-Fox have a film lined up for her called simply "Take Care of My Little Girl."



ROBERT WALKER with sons Michael, aged 9, and Bobby, jun., who is 7½ years old.

+

BING CROSBY and his four sons (left). From the left are Gary, twins Phillip and Dennis, separated by Lindsay, and their father.

+

JEANNE CRAIN and her three youngsters—Paul, sitting on the left, Anthony, and energetic baby Timothy Brinkman.



At last I'm free to look after my little family— thanks to Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids



Four months ago my hands were so useless I couldn't dress myself.



A dreadful depression and hopelessness was getting me down.



Sleepless at night with pain, I had to have pillows under my swollen knees and arms.



Now I can enjoy myself and do my work again.



This human story will interest many sufferers who should be enjoying radiant health.

The whole thing started four months ago, when I was advised to take Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment. Gone is the pain in my knees. Gone is the crippling of my hands that refused to allow me to dress or undress myself. Gone is that dreadful depression and hopelessness that surely was getting me down. Gone the dreadful wakeful nights. Gone are the nights when I was barricaded up with pillows—pillows under my knees; they were so swollen and sore I could not stand the pressure one on the other. Gone is the pillow I had to have on my chest to rest the painful arm, as it was too sore to lie on. For the first time in a good many years, at last I'm free from pain—free to look after my little family. Many thanks to Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for my new happiness.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will help you, too, if you suffer backache, rheumatism, neuritis, lumbago or headaches

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will help you, too, as they have helped this young Australian mother and her family. For theirs is the story of thousands of other people in the Commonwealth to-day. Rheumatism, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago, Stiffness in muscles and joints, Kidney and Bladder Weakness, Dizziness, Headaches and Simple High Blood Pressure are so common to-day that it has been estimated that these, and kindred ailments, cost Australians approximately £25,000,000 a year. Much of this suffering and loss can be ended by helping your bloodstream to wash away the body poisons that cripple you.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids contain no harmful drugs.

They are a natural prescription, a great medicine containing Thionine. They are a tried and proven family treatment that has brought relief from the painful,

crippling poisons of bacteria and uric acid to generations of Australians. If you suffer in this way, get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids to-day and give yourself a course of this famous treatment. Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will quickly relieve you of that unhappy depressed feeling—those aches and pains that are sapping your strength—and give you a new lease of life and youthful energy.

How Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids act

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment cleanses your body of the germs and poisons that rob you of your natural health and energy and which so often cause Headaches, Dizziness, Simple High Blood Pressure, Rheumatism, Kidney and Bladder trouble, Backache, and similar aches and pains. In these times of stress,

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment will restore you to normal good health and keep you fit and well to enjoy your life as you should. Start Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment to-day and see how your aches and pains and tiredness vanish, leaving you filled with new energy and cheerfulness.



Start a course to-day

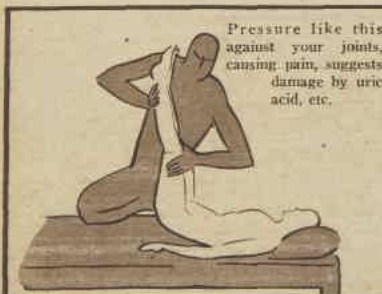
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6/6 AND 3/6 EVERYWHERE

Get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 6/6, with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 3/6 from your nearest chemist or store. If far from town, pin a postal note to a piece of paper with your name and address and send to:

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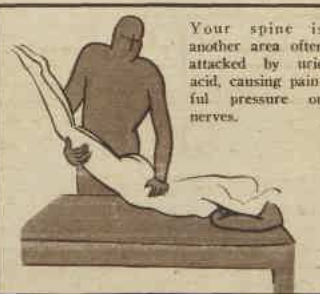
Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will reach you by return mail. Keep a note of the number of your postal note until you hear from us.



Pressure like this against your joints, causing pain, suggests damage by uric acid, etc.



More than 400 muscles support spine here. All are susceptible to injury and poisonous accumulations.



Your spine is another area often attacked by uric acid, causing painful pressure on nerves.



Loss of some of your youthful suppleness is often the first sign of uric acid accumulating in your muscles and joints. In such cases as these, Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are a valuable treatment.

M 87



1 FRIENDS Carla Alten (Valli) and guide Andreas (Oscar Homolka) decide to scale a mountain which her father had died trying to climb.



2 EXPEDITION organised by Andreas includes ex-Nazi Hein (Lloyd Bridges), Englishman Radcliffe (Sir Cedric Hardwicke), Frenchman Delambre (Claude Rains), and American Martin Ordway (Glenn Ford).



3 BITTERNESS between Delambre and his wife urges him to undertake climb. Martin wants to win Carla.

THE WHITE TOWER

PERILOUS Alpine adventure keynotes the romance of "The White Tower." The plot turns on the dogged attempts of six people to scale the hitherto unclimbed "Weinsturm" in the Alps.

To the next concerned, "The White Tower" is more than a mountain. It is a symbol of life. Each is determined to conquer it for a different reason.

The screen play is based on a novel by James Ramsay Ullman, and much of the authentic background was filmed on the panoramic slopes of Mont Blanc in France.

An R.K.O. production, filmed in technicolor.



4 EXHAUSTED in early stages of the climb, Radcliffe drops out. Hein pushes on at a terrific pace to prove superiority.



5 DRUNK with wine that Hein has given him, Delambre is next to be left behind. He finishes essay on meaning of life, tosses it away, and is killed in avalanche.



6 FOUR are left. Martin realises he cannot win Carla by gaining the peak. As long as her father's memory dominates her she is not free. But, in defiance of Hein's superior attitude, he wants to succeed.



7 SNOW-GLARE blinds Martin when he pursues Hein, who had sneaked off from the group determined to reach the top first. Hein is killed on the heights and Martin almost reaches the top.



8 RESCUED by Carla, who abandons climb to save him, thus showing she has overcome her obsession, Martin soon recovers. Having feared life, he finds new courage.

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No matter how expensive they are, ordinary shampoos leave a veil of "soap" film over your hair. "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo contains no soap or greasy oils—leaves your hair clean, full of sheen.



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Try "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo now—right away. Once you do, you'll never use any other method . . . or want any other shampoo.

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THE GENIAL GENTLEMAN with silvery hair, broad smile, and wearing impeccable evening clothes is Bill (Hopalong Cassidy) Boyd escorting his glamorous blonde wife to the recent movie premiere of "Harvey."

EZIO PINZA, the robust basso whom Hollywood refused to engage six years ago, is back to appear with Lana Turner in "Mr. Imperium." He is shown here with his two children, Clelia and Pietro.

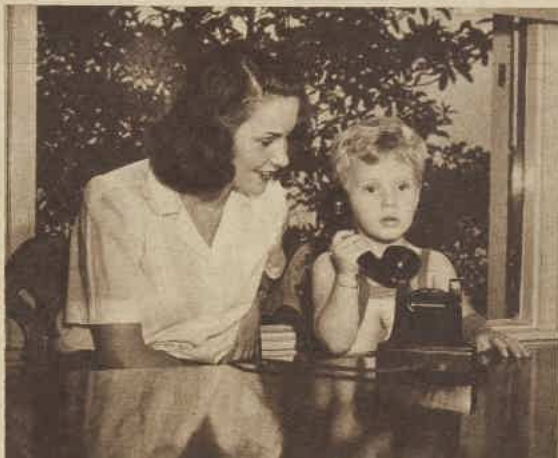
Around the Hollywood film sets

From LEE CARROLL in Hollywood

KATHRYN GRAYSON will head for sunny Spain on her 1951 European concert tour as soon as she completes her role in "Showboat." Apparently undeterred by marital troubles, Kathryn opens the tour at Valencia and reportedly has accepted the gracious offer of her studio colleague, Jose Iturbi, to lend her his romantic villa in Valencia.

FOR the first time since 1927, when Hollywood Academy Awards were first presented, an actress will be vying this year for a "best performance" Oscar in one film and the "best supporting player" Oscar in another. She is pretty Judy Holliday, who stars in "Born Yesterday," and played a top feature role in "Adam's Rib," which was released one week too late to compete for 1949 awards.

JANE WYATT has become the busiest star in Hollywood now that she has the feminine lead opposite Pat O'Brien in "Criminal Lawyer." Miss Wyatt appears nightly in the stage hit "The Winslow Boy," opposite Vincent Price. So it is cameras by day and footlights by night for the talented brunette, who is climbing up the Hollywood success ladder once more after a dearth of roles in the past few years.



LOVELY ITALIAN ACTRESS and proud mother Alida Vani is amused by the telephone conversation of her elder son, Charles, in their Hollywood home. Baby Lorenzo De Meo is the newcomer to the family, has not yet reached the talking age. Valli's husband, Oscar De Meo, is a talented musician who is well known in Europe.

LORETTA YOUNG and blonde Celeste Holm will play nuns again in "A Spark in the Night," which is a sequel to the 1949 Oscar nominee "Come to the Stable," in which the two actresses also starred. This time the setting is Japan, where the two nuns give spiritual guidance, mixed with humor, to atom bomb victims.

HOLLYWOOD glitter and glamor could not compete with Broadway with America's top Shakespearean actor, Maurice Evans. When he completes his starring role opposite Ethel Barrymore in "Kind Lady" he's New York bound again.

WHILE his recently completed film, "Valentino," remains in the vaults at Columbia Studios, Anthony Dexter has won the starring role in Edward Small's forthcoming production, "The Brigand," which rolls in mid-January. The swash-buckling adventure story is based on the famed novel by Alexandre Dumas, with George Bruce collaborating with Small to write the screenplay. The film deals with 15th century Spain, with Dexter portraying a colorful, romantic highwayman.

LOVELY Alexis Smith, on loan-out from Universal Studios, will appear opposite Bing Crosby in Paramount's "Here Comes the Groom," which also stars Jane Wyman. The shapely redhead will portray the rival of Miss Wyman for Bing's affections in the story of an American newspaperman who returns to America from France with two war orphans under his wing.

ALAN LADD is the latest star in Movietown to cash in with his name as a label on "Western" toys for children. The Ladd name appears on a complete new line of cap pistols, holster sets, cowboy hats, boots, and trick ropes. Although Ladd is not in the "Western" category as far as Hollywood is concerned, he has made this a sideline to compete with similar toys labelled with the names of Gene Autry, Hopalong Cassidy, and Roy Rogers.

HOWARD HUGHES borrowed shapely dancer Ann Miller from M.G.M. to complement the star-studded technicolor musical "Two Tickets to Broadway" at R.K.O. with Tony Martin and Janet Leigh. Miss Miller plays one of three girls who are eager to make their dancing debuts on Broadway, finally to wind up in a song-and-dance quintet that includes Martin and Miss Leigh.



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Suede cleaner in bottles; Shoe Cream in convenient "Dumpy" jars and "Handitubes" in Neutral (for all coloured leathers), Black, Brown and other wanted shades at shoe shops, stores, repairers—everywhere.



WHEN YOUR CAT IS 'OUT-OF-TUNE' he suffers in silence. Mopey spells, dull fur and finicky appetite are the warning signs. They point to lack of the aids to fitness which domestic cats so often need. 'Tibs' provide these. One 'Tibs' a day will keep your cat fit and friendly, with shining eyes and a silky coat.

TIBS KEEP CATS KITTENISH



Beauty in brief:

Brush for beauty

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Owning and using an appropriate battery of brushes is one good way of achieving a well-groomed appearance. It need not be an expensive collection.

TWO or even three hair-brushes if the budget will run to it ensures that there will be a clean one on hand every day to remove dust from the hair and impart the extra polish that comes with clean bristles. A soft face-brush whisks away excess powder, gives the complexion a finished look.

The toothbrush is probably most important of all. Occasionally it is a good idea to combine brush work with a mild mixture that will help brighten the teeth. Dip the bristles in peroxide, then in a mixture of half-teaspoon each of table salt and bicarbonate of soda, and brush gently.

Use this preparation once or twice a week and follow with a

rinse of clear water. Hand and fingernail brushes are a must for immaculate fingers.

A lip brush gives the mouth that clear, unsmudged outline, and eyebrow and eyelash brushes keep brows smoothly groomed and in shape, the eyes framed in soft, natural-looking lashes.

There should be a stiff-bristled brush for heavily surfaced materials in all brush wardrobes, as well as a less harsh one for finer woollens. Wire and sponge brushes for shoes, hats, and suede gloves, and soft-bristled ones for silks.

Ordinary wooden-backed kitchen brushes are fine for washing fabric gloves and getting stained fingertips clean.



FRONT VIEW of the spacious tree-flanked home of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Darke and their two young children in Warrangi Avenue, Turramurra, Sydney.



DRAWING-ROOM. Window drapes, two-seater couches, easy chairs, cushions, and lovely lamps are in muted pastels. Domed door opens to den.



ENTRANCE HALL looking through to drawing-room. Doors from the centrally placed hall also lead to den, dining-room, cloak-room, and modern kitchen.

HOUSE ON A HILL

By EVE GYE, Editor of our Homemaker Department

STANDING on the summit of a hill and commanding superb views of undulating countryside, the gabled home of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Darke, at Turramurra, Sydney, is an attractive landmark.

The series of flagged terraces, grassy banks, and enchanting gardens surrounding the house, in which Mr. Darke takes such pride, are remindful of the beautiful old manor-house gardens of England.

To add to the illusion, a majestic flagged walk ranges from the broad terrace (shown at the top of this page) to the picturesque pool at the foot of the three-acre garden.

Contrasting with the more dramatic exterior of the house, the spacious rooms are furnished to provide a serene and restful background for modern living.

Entrance hall, den, dining-room, and staircase are carpeted in a crushed strawberry tone, laid over several thicknesses of felt.

This gives a feeling of luxury to the

tread, but, as Mrs. Darke points out, the main purpose of the heavy underlay is elimination of noise—especially with two young and energetic children in the house.

Walls throughout the house, excepting the utility section, maids' quarters, and main bedroom, are covered with a white-gold embossed paper.

In the drawing-room this wallpaper, in conjunction with the muted pastel tonings of the heavy satin damask chair-covers and silked tapestry window-drapes, gives a soft, diffused glow to the beautifully proportioned room.

Charm of the main bedroom lies not only in its delicate coloring but in the attic-like effect of its angles. The bed, with its lovely azure-blue quilted taffeta spread, is set on a dais.

The opposite wall forms a complete storage unit, and is painted a soft powder-blue to tone with the walls and ceiling. All-over carpet is in beige-pink tonings.

Son John and daughter Diane's rooms are adjacent, Diane occupying a tower-like bay. These rooms are charmingly furnished and well equipped with drawer and cupboard space for clothes and toys and books. The children have already been trained to keep these in order.



MAIN BEDROOM. Walls and ceiling are powder-blue, carpet beige-pink. Tea-rose faille curtains are flounced with soft blue marquisette. Furniture is mahogany.



SUNROOM lending off drawing-room, and a favorite spot for tea, has apricot marquisette curtains, chairs with brightly patterned upholstery, turquoise carpet.



DINING-ROOM has a wide bay overlooking the gardens and is curtained in rare Nottingham lace with drapes in gold velvet. Furniture is burr and Italian walnut.



FROM THE STAIRWAY, dining-room is seen at left, den at right. The den is a general meeting place for the family. Coffee is also served here.



STAIRCASE with arresting lamp in foreground to light the way — another attractive glimpse of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Darke's spacious home at Turramurra, Sydney.

HULL gave a shrug and turned his back on the girl, running his hand through his hair agitatedly.

"Thanks," the girl said with an edge of sarcasm, and she picked up the typewriter and marched out.

But a few minutes later she came back and handed Lewis Hull a sheet of foolscap paper. "Found it in the typewriter. Some sort of message by the look of it, though it doesn't mean a thing in my life."

With an exclamation Hull grabbed the paper from her. "It's from Malone," he said as she went out.

Algy Dark took the piece of paper, and the other read over his shoulder.

"Please give this to Lewis Hull. I found out something to-night which ties up with Archer's disappearance. A conversation I remembered over-hearing last night, and it put me on the track of Nita Bennett, of 13 Wistaria Road, St. John's Wood. I trailed her to-night and followed her and her boy friend called Eddie to the Bluebird, a restaurant in Kilburn."

"They're definitely mixed up in Archer's disappearance by the way I heard them talking when I sat behind them in the restaurant. They didn't say much, but they did mention a place called the Beeches."

"I'm afraid that afterwards, as I was leaving, my handbag was knocked out of my hand, and the girl Nita helped me to pick up some of my things, but it was only later on that I discovered I'd lost my Television House Club membership card, and I think either she or Eddie must have picked it up. In that case they must suspect me."

Lewis Hull groaned, "The swine."

The message continued: "I thought I'd come back here just to see if I had by any chance left the card lying round. It isn't here, however, but there is a faint hope it may be at my flat. Frankly,

The Dark Bureau

Continued from page 28

it's a faint hope, but I'm going there now. I thought I'd better jot all this down just in case.—Malone."

There was a momentary silence.

"In case of what?" Algy Dark mused. "Lucky, anyway, she had the sense to leave that message. Given us something more to go on."

"I don't see that we know much more than we knew before," was the gloomy response. "Must be hundreds of places called that all over the country."

Dark gave the other a little smile.

"Don't go cutting your throat yet," he said. "Things have a funny way of working out."

After Dark had gone, Hull mooched back to his own office and slumped into his chair, slowly filling his pipe, his face grim.

Once again he could hear himself speaking to Malone over the telephone. He could hear his words, the biting tone of his voice. She must have thought me an absolute swine, he told himself morosely.

With a sinking heart he wondered where she was at this moment. What was the name of the house she mentioned in that message which Dark had taken away with him? The Beeches, that was it. He began thinking about it, turning the name over in his mind.

The Beeches.

Even though, as he'd said to Dark, there were hundreds of places with that name, it occurred to him that it would most probably be a pretty large house. An idea suddenly struck him, and he hurried upstairs to another office. A rotund little man sprawled in a chair behind his desk beamed up at him.

"Hello, Lewis," he boomed in a curiously deep voice.

Hull closed the door. "It may sound silly, but you are the only

person I can think of who might have a certain bit of information tucked away at the back of that fat head of yours."

"Thanks," the little man beamed at him. "Anything I can do, my dear old boy. What'd you want to know? The habits of the wild duck? Figures for any week's production of goats' milk in Great Britain last year? Since I started putting on 'The Land Is Yours' I'm a walking encyclopaedia on the outdoors."

"All I'm checking up on is a place called the Beeches," Hull told him. "Don't ask me why, it wouldn't help you to know. Incidentally, this is absolutely confidential. Don't ask why about that, either."

STILL beaming genially, the little man said, "Whatever you say, Lewis. Tell me more."

"That's just it, I can't. It's just some house somewhere called the Beeches. It may be in the suburbs, it may be farther out. It could be anywhere, really. Although," he added, "I have the idea it must be pretty near London."

The tubby man blinked at him in bewilderment for a moment.

"You certainly are asking for something, my dear chap."

"Think round it like you have never thought before, Rex," Hull begged. "I tell you, it means more to me to find out where this place is than you can possibly imagine."

And Lewis Hull hurried out and down the stairs to look in at Malone's office in the forlorn hope she might be there waiting for him, having turned up after all.

Algy Dark stared thoughtfully at the photographs on the desk before him.

"Eddie Fagan," he murmured to himself. He regarded the mean, thin face, the eyebrows joining over the sharp nose, with distaste.

And then quite suddenly he found he was humming a melody to himself. He broke off, his face grim.

Eddie Fagan had been tied up with the individual known as the Butterfly long ago and far away all right.

The Butterfly.

It must have been some fifteen years ago that rumors concerning the activities of a gang of international crooks with a chain of contacts in every large European city began to reach Scotland Yard. The stories of the gang and its multifarious machinations became more and more based on fact, even as they grew more fantastic.

And as color and light and shade were added to the sketchy picture of the man reputed to be the head of this audacious and ruthless set-up, known as the Butterfly, so a figure gradually emerged until it seemed to be larger than life and incredible in its villainies.

Every now and again, of course, some of this creature's agents were run to earth, but never was there any mention even in the most lurid "inside" newspaper stories of the fabulous crime-colossus himself. He remained shadowy and aloof, controlling and directing his organisation from afar and, of course, raking in the proceeds.

Algy Dark had first come into contact with the almost legendary figure in Alexandria. He was engaged in uncovering a narcotic network and he had received a tip that the people he was trying to nail were, in fact, members of the Butterfly organisation. But he hadn't taken the hint altogether seriously.

ONE night, however, when Dark was in an Alexandria cabaret with a detective from the Egyptian narcotics squad, the little orchestra had suddenly started up the haunting aria from "Madame Butterfly."

The detective had leant across and whispered to Dark: "The Butterfly!"

Dark had turned his head as the mountaneous mass waddled laboriously round the small dance-floor to a table in a corner. Accompanying him were two sleek, sharp-featured men and a sultry-looking blonde, while waiters bowed and scraped before the huge figure with even more obsequiousness.

The Butterfly had sat facing the dance-floor, and Dark caught the brooding malevolence that seemed to emanate from the folds of fat and from behind the black spectacles. And then the detective informed Dark one of the rat-faced men was, in fact, an important cog in the narcotic-peddling gang.

So it seemed that the tip Dark had received hadn't been so far off the mark after all.

A little later that evening, a cigarette-girl had brought Algy Dark a note saying that if Dark chose to raid the "dope peddler's" flat later that night he would find him plus all the evidence necessary to warrant his arrest.

Dark had passed on the information to his companion, with the result that, as predicted in the message, they were able to add another member of the narcotic-running gang to their net.

In the years following, Algy Dark had not improved his acquaintance with the Butterfly. He had never seen him again, though reports continued to reach him about the man.

Please turn to page 40

BLACK FRIDAY
was a blessing
in disguise

TALK ABOUT BLACK FRIDAY! I NEARLY GOT THE SACK TODAY.

THAT'S NOT LIKE YOU JILL WHAT HAPPENED?

OH—EVERYTHING WENT WRONG I HAVEN'T BEEN FEELING WELL FOR AGES.

OH—SO THAT'S WHAT'S WRONG. IF YOU KEEP TAKING THIS AND THAT YOU'LL NEVER FEEL WELL! WHY DON'T YOU SEE A DOCTOR AND FIND OUT THE CAUSE OF YOUR TROUBLE?

THERE'S NOTHING ORGANICALLY WRONG WITH YOU, MISS BLIGH. THAT DULL, "HALF ALIVE" FEELING WILL VANISH ONCE YOU'RE REGULAR—AND YOU DON'T NEED MEDICINES FOR THAT. I'LL TELL YOU WHAT TO DO...

A FEW WEEKS LATER...

THAT MUST HAVE COST YOU A PRETTY PENNY!

I'VE BEEN PROMISED A RISE!

Read what the Doctor told Miss Bligh...

"YOUR HEALTH DEPENDS ON WHAT YOU EAT—EVERY DAY. TODAY'S SOFT, OVER-COOKED FOODS OFTEN LACK THE VITAL BULK YOUR SYSTEM NEEDS FOR REGULAR ELIMINATION. KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN SUPPLIES SMOOTH-ACTING BULK WHICH HELPS PREPARE INTERNAL WASTES FOR EASY, GENTLE AND NATURAL ELIMINATION. YOU DON'T NEED MEDICINES."

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Made from the vital outer layers of wheat, Kellogg's All-Bran brings you more protective food elements than whole wheat itself! Kellogg's All-Bran is actually richer in iron than spinach—and is a natural source of Vitamins B₁ for the nerves, B₂ for the eyes,

Calcium for the teeth, Phosphorus for the bones and Niacin for the skin. Kellogg's All-Bran not only relieves constipation but builds you up day by day at the same time. Being a wholesome food, it gives you strength and energy—instead of taking it out of you.



DELICIOUS THIS WAY...

Kellogg's All-Bran has a toasted, nutty flavour. You may prefer to eat it sprinkled over your favourite breakfast cereal or straight out of the packet with sliced fruit, milk and sugar. Ask for Kellogg's All-Bran today and discover what regularity REALLY means! Sold at all grocers.



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, with lovely
PRINCESS NARDA: Have their vacation interrupted by the
CHIEF OF POLICE: Who asks Mandrake's help with the
BLUE BANDIT: Case.

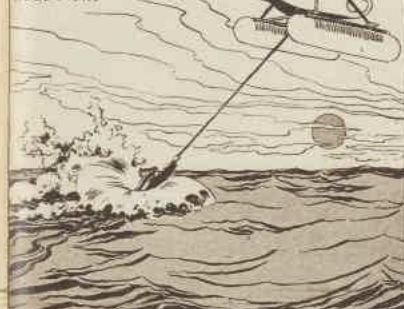
The Blue Bandit is a mysterious jewel thief. On guard in the skyscraper building where jewels are kept, Mandrake finds guards overpowered, and leaps from the window after the bandit, who jumps into a helicopter. Mandrake clutches a rope. NOW READ ON:



"SOMETHING'S WRONG! I CAN'T GET ALTITUDE," SNAPS THE PILOT. THE BLUE BANDIT LOOKS OVER THE SIDE. "WE'VE PICKED UP A STOWAWAY! BRUSH HIM OFF-- IN THOSE WOODS!"



THAT FAILING. THE CRAFT FLIES LOW OVER THE BAY--STILL MANDRAKE HOLDS ON!



THE CRAFT PAUSES OVER THE HIGH CHIMNEY, THEN LOWERS STRAIGHT DOWN TOWARD IT. "THEY'RE DROPPING ME INTO THE FLAMES," THINKS MANDRAKE. "IF I JUMP FROM THIS HEIGHT, I'LL BE KILLED! BUT IF I DON'T JUMP--"



"HE STICKS TIGHTER THAN A BURR. WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THIS BEFORE?" GROWLS THE PILOT. "DON'T SHOOT HIM!" CRIES THE BLUE BANDIT. "HEAD FOR OUR LANDING FIELD."



MANDRAKE IS DRAGGED THROUGH THE TREE TOPS--THE BRANCHES WHIP AND TEAR AT HIM--BUT HE HANGS ON GRIMLY--



"WE CAN'T SHAKE HIM OFF!" GROWLS THE PILOT. "THAT INCINERATOR CHIMNEY OVER THERE--FLY OVER IT!" CRIES THE BLUE BANDIT.



"WHEN THE BLUE BANDIT'S HELICOPTER LOWERS MANDRAKE TOWARD THE FLAMING CHIMNEY, MANDRAKE CLIMBS UP TO THE BELLY OF THE CRAFT! 'WE CAN'T LOWER ANY FARTHER. THE FLAMES MIGHT IGNITE OUR FUEL TANKS!' CRIES THE BLUE BANDIT. 'FLY OFF!'"



TO BE CONTINUED

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SYNTHELAC - has an interior, high gloss finish - just right for kitchens, cupboards, toys and furniture.

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TEENA



hilda
terry



ARIES (March 21 to April 20): It is now your destiny-cycle dealing with position and career. Make the most of January 5, 8, and 9, for achievement and success are very near. Don't let friction or mishaps upset January 4.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): A happy vibration now rules your chart, with the most fortunate days after the week-end. Moves and changes are now in the air, especially to do with your vocational activities. Concentrate on January 9.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): With the exception of January 4, you have a good week ahead, with exceptionally good aspects culminating around January 10. These rule money and interests shared—so keep alert for opportunities.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Thursday is slightly adverse, but the days following promise some striking and unusual events, especially from January 8 to 10. Partnerships and love ties are now in the limelight.

LEO (July 24 to August 23): A

As I Read the STARS

By WYNNE TURNER

good week for work and practical things. Some of you will get a nice lift through business or the goodwill of others. A good week to press for business advantages.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Romantic interests are well aspected on January 5, 8, and 9, but adverse on January 4. You can now branch out on new adventure, with speculation and new enterprise, too.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): The domestic angle of your chart is still important. Use discretion on Thursday, but use the following few days to arrange important affairs. Some big changes are pending.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 22): Your mind seems very active this week. Use it for writings, discussions, meetings, and social affairs. January 5 to 9 is particularly good for meeting people and arranging personal affairs.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): A good week for anything likely to affect finance. You can afford to take some risks in business affairs, for gains override losses. Speed ahead from January 5 to 10.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Use your personality and appearance to advantage this week. Results will justify it. Many important events are pending, especially after the week-end.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): Lucky influences this week will help you to push ahead in what has been a rather hampering cycle. Concentrate on January 5 to 9, with January 8 your most active day.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): Some specially fortunate stars rule your house of friendships. Sudden and fortunate happenings are due for many Pisceans early next week. Watch January 8 to 10.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.)

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THAT DEPRESSED FEELING



1/42.0

AT length, one of Dark's agents had brought interesting news. "Looks as if he's wriggled his way into this country," he had said, pushing a long typewritten report across to Dark.

"Reckless of him, thinking he can get away with it here," Dark said.

"He's going the way they all go, even if he's taken longer about it," the other had suggested. "Incidentally, it seems he can't have many more years to live. Disease which has reduced him to that mass of fat is gradually wearing him down. May explain why he's taking bigger risks now."

So the Butterfly had launched his activities in London. And in London's underworld, as in the other underworlds that had known of him, he had remained the dim, shadowy, inscrutable figure. He had contrived to remain utterly aloof from any of the activities he organised.

As before, some of the smaller fry of his gang were pulled in and, as before, not a single person could ever be persuaded to give the Butterfly away.

One of these small fry had been the man whose photographs were on the desk before Algy Dark now. Eddie Fagan had slipped up, and along with two others, one a young Frenchwoman, had paid with a three-year sentence for his miscalculation.

Then had come the Second World War, and the Butterfly had managed to get out of the country by the last plane to Rome. He was next heard of in Lisbon, where, still operating, despite the rumors that he was dying on his feet, his unique talents were centred upon the creation of an espionage ring.

This was not from any sense of patriotism or loyalty, naturally. Nothing sentimental about him, even though he could sit for hours utterly absorbed in the music of Purcini,

when it was any question of business. As was to be expected, his espionage activities prospered, he developed the technique of playing off one side against the other and taking money from both with typical deftness.

It was in Genoa, during the closing phases of Italy's participation in the war, that Tod Archer had run into the Butterfly. Archer had never told Algy Dark very much about it, but Dark had heard something about a certain night in the cellar of a cafe near the docks during a raid on the city by British planes.

There had been several people sheltering during the raid, including the Butterfly, accompanied by a glamorous blonde woman, and Archer. The cafe had been hit and had caught fire, and Archer had tried to help the woman escape.

But the Butterfly, helpless as he was, faced with the prospect of being left to burn to death, had panicked and, producing a .Luger pistol, deliberately shot down the blonde woman, then forced Archer to help him out of the death-trap. Archer, for all his reticence, had yet conveyed to Dark the gruesome and macabre picture of that nightmarish scene.

And now he was in the Butterfly's hands. And the girl?

The telephone rang, and Algy Dark stubbed out his cigarette and picked up the receiver.

"Cottage at Taplow, called the Beeches?" he queried.

The man who had been talking at the other end of the wire caught the dubious tone in Dark's voice. "Why not?" he said. "Why couldn't that be it?"

"Something tells me it's a trifle unlikely," Algy Dark replied. "You see, the Beeches at Taplow happens to belong to the Commissioner of Police . . ."

The Dark Bureau *Continued from page 36*

Malone opened her eyes, winced at the pain that spread from her jaw to her head and back again, and closed them again.

Then she remembered the blow that had sent her spinning into oblivion, and she sat up with a jerk, groaning as waves of pain flowed over her head and face. She glanced at her watch. It was still going although the glass was cracked, and to her surprise she saw it was approaching nine o'clock.

The room was day-lit. She assumed it was morning and she had been unconscious or sleeping ever since she'd been knocked out last night. She was fully clothed. Someone had taken off her coat and slung it over a chair.

FEELING very sick and frightened, Malone looked about her. The bright, eye-aching daylight revealed a plainly furnished room. There was the single bed, a dressing-table, and a chair.

She made her way across to the window. She saw part of a large garden bounded by a thick hedge, and beyond it fields sloping towards some woods. The window was unlatched, and she pushed it up and leant out. The air struck at her coldly, but she took great gulps of it.

Leaning out, she wondered if she could jump. It was a sheer drop. She decided it was too high from the ground. She would certainly risk breaking her ankles if she tried it.

The door opened suddenly, and she drew back from the window and closed it. A man had come in carrying a tray. She half-expected it to be Eddie. But it wasn't Eddie.

"Shouldn't advise you to try jumping," the man observed sourly. "Even if you didn't hurt yourself,

you wouldn't get very far." He placed the tray on the dressing-table. "When you've wrapped yourself round this I'll come back and fetch you. He wants to see you."

"And who's he?" she burst out. "And what's this place? Why have I been brought here?"

"You'll find out," the other said laconically, and went out.

She heard the door lock. She sat down on the bed trying to fight a rising panic.

What was she going to do? Why had she started meddling in this business? Then she pulled herself together and went over to the tray. Toast and coffee. She realised she was very hungry.

Ten minutes later, feeling more cheerful, she looked about her again. Her handbag was with her coat on the chair. There was a face-towel, she saw, and some soap on the dressing-table. The jug did hold some water, and soon she was feeling fresher, so that when the man came back he gave her a look of grudging admiration.

"Come on," he granted, and led the way along a corridor and down the wide stairs.

Some place this, she thought. A mansion of some sort. Dilapidated and falling into decay, obviously, but once it must have been a marvellous old house. Was this the Beeches she'd heard Eddie mention? If it were, Archer should be here somewhere.

Her heart lifted. It would be good to see him again. Perhaps between them they could plan a way of escaping. The man knocked on a door on the ground floor. There was a muttered response, and a moment later the guide thrust Malone forward, precipitating her towards the figure in the wheel-chair.

REGOVERING herself, Malone experienced a feeling of revulsion as she looked at the figure before her, the gross face with its eyes hidden by the black glasses. Never before had she encountered anyone who inspired her with such instinctive fear.

She tried to conquer her horror at the sight of the grey, moist flesh, the sagging jowls which were munching as the face turned to her. She swallowed and stared at him defiantly.

"Your name is Malone?" The softly purring sibilant voice set every nerve in her body crawling.

"Perhaps you will explain," she said, "who you are and why I have been brought here? Or hasn't it occurred to you the police will find me pretty soon?"

"You will have time to wish you hadn't come meddling into this business," the man murmured. "Irresponsible girls shouldn't get themselves mixed up in things they don't understand."

Malone was thinking. Had they found the note she had left in the typewriter?

Boldly she asked the figure in the wheel-chair: "Where is this place?"

"You are a considerable distance from any human habitation," was his slowly murmured reply. "And if you feel like screaming for help, I shan't mind in the least. No one will hear you."

"Have you got Tod Archer here, too?"

"Archer. Ah, yes. No doubt you would like to cry on his shoulder." So far as she knew he hadn't pressed any bell, but the door opened behind her suddenly and made her jump.

"Take her to the other," the man in the wheel-chair said.

To be continued

A Ford Pill—then off to bed

This grateful mother writes:

For many years my mother used Ford Pills whenever any of her family was off colour and now, since I have my own little ones, I use them too. I find them very effective for all the family and as soon as the kiddies complain of any tummy trouble I give them a Ford Pill and send them off to bed and they are quite well again next day. I have always used them even when the babies were coming and found them a wonderful help at those times.

Ford Pills contain no poisons or dangerous

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Give half a Ford Pill crushed in honey, jam or treacle.

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Adults:

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72/100



Shu-Milk
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WHITE SHOE CLEANER

FEELING in a daze, Geordie stood at the rail, looking down on England. He'd only been a few hours in these southern parts, and here he was looking already. A tiny tremor ran through his feet from the timbers of the big ship, and she began to move ahead inch by inch, and yard by yard.

But Geordie was not interesting himself at that moment in the sailing of the ship. He was looking down at the quay where a great specimen of manhood stood alone.

Henry Samson was a colossal man who had entirely come up to Geordie's expectations.

When Geordie had got off the boat-train, he had kept a watch for Mr. Samson, and sure enough, there was a man along the dock who could have been no one but him.

Their eyes met above the heads of the crowd. Mr. Samson swept off his wide hat with a flourish; Geordie raised his cap; and regardless of the small people about them they strode to a meeting.

"This is a great occasion, Geordie," Henry Samson felt Geordie's muscles all over with a craftsman's pride, and swept his hand in a commanding gesture. The people were silent and watchful.

"Here's Geordie MacTaggart," he called, and his voice drowned the hubbub of quayside noises. "A braw laddie frae Bonny Scotland." Mr. Samson's Scottish dialect was painful to hear. "He started from small beginnings, and look at him now. Look at his development! Isn't it splendid? He and I did it. We did it together."

By this time Henry Samson had drawn a large crowd about them. But he had not finished yet; there was a tremor of emotion in his voice as he went on speaking.

"I am Henry Samson, and this is my finest pupil. This is Geordie MacTaggart, Olympic shot-putter, future world champion. Wish him luck!"

There was a loud cheer then. "Good luck, Geordie!" shouted a stevedore.

Geordie felt confused, but so many queer things had been happening in the past twenty-four hours that he was not so surprised by Henry Samson's behaviour as he would have been if it had happened, say, up the glen at home.

He thought perhaps that many Sassenachs were like Mr. Samson; in fact that he was nothing much out of the ordinary for an Englishman.

There had not been time for much talk; and Geordie himself had not spoken more than half a dozen words altogether.

Now he looked back towards the land. The great figure still stood on the quay, but inexorable distance had reduced even Mr. Samson to smallness. Geordie was thinking it was about time to go below.

Just then Henry Samson cupped his hands. "God bless you, Geordie!" The words of benediction sounded deep and clear across the water.

"Ta-ta, Mr. Samson," called Geordie. His was a loud hail, too.

He went down to his cabin. Who should be sitting on the other bunk but that Mr. Rawlins who had come to Drumfearn to select Geordie for the Olympics.

"Hallo," he said cheerfully. "We're sharing a cabin."

This was no coincidence. "Look here, Bill," Mr. Rawlins had said. "You may not like the idea either, but someone will have to look after this MacTaggart chap; he's right out of the Highland jungle; and better you than me. I mean, you're more in rapport with the Celtic temperament."

So Mr. Rawlins had given way, and, being an amiable fellow, he was going to make the best of what he feared might be a bad job.

Geordie sat down on his bunk and wiped his forehead, which was

damp because of all the strain and excitement. "I'm fair bewildered," he said.

"Is this your first crossing?"

"It's the first time I was ever out of Perthshire." Geordie felt like talking; he felt he had everything bottled up inside and he had to get it out. So he and Rawlins chatted for a while, and the latter thought he must have formed the wrong impression of Geordie on first acquaintance.

Three days later, the ship was sailing serenely, and the boat-deck was crowded with young athletes taking exercise—men and girls, tall and small, chunky and thin.

There were sombre springy Finns with marathon lungs, gay Frenchmen and sad Frenchmen, blonde Nordics with skins tanned to the color of ripe wheat, detached Englishmen, stolid Dutch, a couple of Lowland Scots, but not a single boy from the Highlands except Geordie.

They had one thing in common all these young people, a concern with the ultimate perfection of their specialised bodies; every step they took round the deck was taken with purpose, placed with design, executed with economy.

Geordie stood at the rail watching the shimmer of the water, wishing that Jean could be with him to share the strangeness, feeling a bit lonely.

"Hallo, Geordie?" "Hallo," said Geordie. It was Bill Rawlins.

"Want to come and have some practice? I got them to rig up a place on the well deck."

"I don't mind," Geordie said, and he and Rawlins made their way forward.

THERE were ten or twelve other shot-putters standing round a ring of deep coconut matting and strong nets to prevent the shot striking the boards of the deck. The chief officer was there, too, him with the three stripes on his arm and a worried expression.

"Please be careful of my deck," he kept saying, "Prenez garde."

"He's a bit of an old mother," said Bill Rawlins. "I had the greatest difficulty in persuading him."

Geordie took off his jacket and rolled up his shirt sleeves. He waited his turn; and when it came he took an easy one, just to get the feel of it again. The shot went well for him, thudding down on the matting and bouncing into the net. He fetched it back for the next performer.

But it was a girl who stepped forward to the line where Geordie was standing.

"Hallo," she said, smiling at him from quite close. Then she bent, supple and quick, and stood again with the smaller ladies' shot in her strong hand. She had fair hair, just about the color of pale gold, and it was tied up in a red ribbon behind her bare brown shoulders.

What with that and the look of lively interest that she gave him and seeing such a big lovely woman unexpected, Geordie blushed scarlet. He dropped the men's shot with a bit of a bump on the chief officer's deck.

"It's all right, Geordie," whispered Bill Rawlins. "She won't eat you."

The girl took her practice. She didn't send it as far as the men, but she had a beautiful style, and it was obvious that she knew just as much about shot-putting as anyone.

"She's Scandinavian champion," said Bill while she was fetching the shot.

"Hallo, Beell," she said, seeming to know him quite well.

"Helga," he said. "This is Geordie MacTaggart from Scotland—Helga Sorensen."

Please turn to page 42

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BON AMI CAKE
"hasn't scratched yet!"

NK 526

Page 41

HELGA smiled at Georgie. "How do you do?" she said.

"I'm fine," said Georgie. "Do you live in the Scottish Highlands?" She spoke with a soft lilt that gave a kind of caress to the speech.

"Yes," said Georgie. She smiled. "I thought," she said. "You are like the Highlanders. Ah, that is a most beautiful country. What you say? A bonny country. I was there one time, and I shall never forget it, never."

"Ay, it's bonny." She was so friendly and natural that Georgie felt less shy of her now.

While they waited their turn she told him in a low voice about the other shot-putters. "That is Weber, first string for Germany. He is very good, but not a nice man . . . Van

Geordie *Continued from page 41*

Roon, champion of Holland; but he is not quite big enough to win." And so on. She seemed to know them all.

It was after they had had several practice shots, and the going had sounded for lunch and Georgie felt very hungry, that she said: "They are all good, these ones; but you, to me it seems you are the, the dark horse. I think you will win."

Geordie was pleased at her saying that. It was what he had been thinking himself. Seeing the others at practice had made him keener than ever before.

And being so far away from home, he had the feeling that it wasn't just Georgie MacTaggart trying to win; it was Scotland that was in him, and he would do his best and go back to Jean knowing that.

Geordie and Helga met again that evening. After his supper—dinner they called it for some reason—he went up to get a breath of fresh air on the boat deck.

As he stood at the rail someone came to join him. "Hallo, Georgie," said Helga. "What are you doing?"

"I was just thinking," he said. "About what?"

"About home. I was thinking of Jean as a matter of fact."

"Of Jean? She is a girl then. She is the lucky girl?"

"I'm the lucky one," said Georgie. "Tell me about this Jean."

So Georgie tried to tell her about Jean. He didn't make much of a job of the telling, but it was a thing he couldn't have brought himself to tell at all four days ago, so he wasn't doing so badly in his progress in the world.

"But she is lucky," Helga said, leaning a tiny bit closer to Georgie at the rail, so that her bare shoulder touched his. "She is lucky because you are a fine boy, so simple and kind."

"I'm like anybody else," said Georgie. He knew he was; still, he liked to have compliments paid him.

"Ach no," said Helga deep in her throat. "These others, you do not know them. Either they are stupid lumps or they are . . . smart Alecs. And always they make paws at me. But you are different, Georgie. Already I know that."

If Georgie had been even a little more worldly wise he would have scented danger then. But he did not think of danger. He stood beside Helga in silence, glad of her company in the moonlit evening, watching the first light of America.

The next two days were like never getting off the whirly birlly with the wooden horses swinging round at a fair. That was how it felt to Georgie in New York. Skyscrapers, subways, room and bath, a zoo, and looking down from high up at the ship he'd just arrived in; it was all new to him.

So it was a rest for him when at last he found himself sitting beside Bill Rawlins in the glittering Greyhound bus on his way to Boston.

It was a long run, though, and Georgie was cramped by the time they began to run into Boston. Also he was very hot in his thick plus fours.

"I'd like fine to get started practising again," he said.

"You'll be able to practise to-morrow. By the way, Georgie, what about vests and shorts? Have you got any?"

"I've two vests," said Georgie, "but I'm not keen on wearing the kilt just for practice. Shorts would be fine for that."

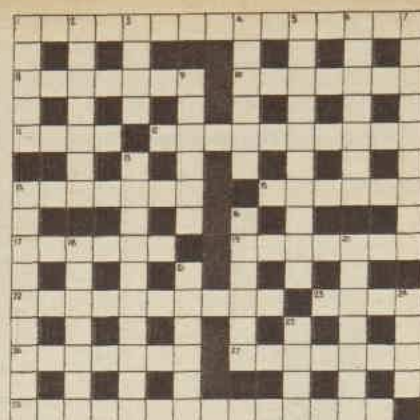
"Have you got a kilt with you?" "Ay, it's in the suitcase," Georgie nodded to the rack above his head.

Please turn to page 45

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Heft father's law (anagr. 2, 2, 5, 5).
2. Weapon in a vulgar gentleman for clothing (7).
3. Cycle pedal made of a rodent and a reversed part (7).
4. Small metal spike or on your fingertip (4).
5. These meat dishes seem to encourage a bad actor to be horse-racing pests (10).
6. Outcast from the Genesis (7).
7. First do a kind of knotted work and then let mixed chatter (6).
8. This Spanish city to conducted nothing (6).
9. Back of a Queensland town, a duck, and you and I in love (7).
10. Art of predicting by communication with the dead (10).
11. Heavenly body in Hollywood, but traitors if turned (4).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Get in a North African city is a musical instrument (5).
2. Stain sounds as a recess for a sailor (7).
3. Always (4).
4. Aspirated difficulty in steamship buses (6).
5. This vehicle is not for drunkards (5, 5).
6. Violent flow is tea or cleft (7).
7. Stripping forces in legal thing take ownership again (9).
8. Scents the middle of which is a backward liar (6).
9. Hind or daff (anagr. 4, 2, 4).
10. In canvas shelter and I on purpose (9).
11. Soldier of a cavalry regiment (6).
12. The French hundred and a gull-like sea bird on which lessons are read (7).
13. Rough draught not in line (7).
14. Not long ago though the inside is consumed (8).
15. By any other name it would smell as sweet (4).
16. O. writer he not closed (4).

Solution to last week's crossword.



MENTALLY ILL MALTREATED

ABOUT 29,000 mentally ill people are in Australian mental institutions to-day.

What sort of life is led by our fellow-Australians who have to be certified as mentally out of step and segregated from the rest of society?

Evidence has been accumulating that many of them are treated scandalously, almost as if they were animals.

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A.M., the national magazine, sent an experienced newspaperman to report on conditions in Callan Park (Sydney) Mental Hospital.

A.M. publishes his findings in its January issue, now on sale. His story will certainly make you think.

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NOTIONS**

No. 730.—SMALL GIRL'S FROCK

A cool pinafore frock cut out ready to make in good quality British headcloth, in blue, lemon, green, natural and white. The motifs are traced ready to embroider. Prices: 3yrs., length 18in., (suits) 5/3; postage 1/1; (sou'wester) 3/11; postage 7d.; (complete set) 2/-; postage 1/2. 3yrs., 18in., (suits) 5/11; postage 1/1; (sou'wester) 4/3; postage 7d.; (complete set) 2/11; postage 1/2. 4yrs., 20in., (suits) 6/3; postage 1/2; (sou'wester) 4/9; postage 7d.; (complete set) 2/11; postage 1/2. 5-6yrs., 22in., (suits) 6/11; postage 1/2; (sou'wester) 4/11; postage 7d.; (complete set) 2/11; postage 1/2.

No. 731.—BOY'S SUN-SUIT AND SOU'WESTER

Trim suit and matching sou'wester, cut out ready to make in good quality British headcloth, in blue, lemon, green, natural and white. The motifs are traced ready to embroider. Prices: 3yrs., length 18in., (suits) 5/3; postage 1/1; (sou'wester) 3/11; postage 7d.; (complete set) 2/-; postage 1/2. 3yrs., 18in., (suits) 5/11; postage 1/1; (sou'wester) 4/3; postage 7d.; (complete set) 2/11; postage 1/2. 4yrs., 20in., (suits) 6/3; postage 1/2; (sou'wester) 4/9; postage 7d.; (complete set) 2/11; postage 1/2. 5-6yrs., 22in., (suits) 6/11; postage 1/2; (sou'wester) 4/11; postage 7d.; (complete set) 2/11; postage 1/2.

No. 732.—LUNCHEON CLOTH AND SERVIETTES

Traced ready to embroider on heavy cream Irish linen or sheer linen in white, blue, lemon, pink and green, or British cotton in lemon, blue, pink, and green. The cloth measures 36in. x 36in., and the serviettes 11in. x 11in. Prices: Cloth: linen 14/11, cotton 8/11, postage 1/2. Serviettes: linen 1/2 ea., cotton 11d. ea., postage 4d. ea.

No. 733.—THREE (3) BIBS

Three dainty little bibs for a tiny babe, traced ready to embroider in white, pastel pink, and blue rayon, crepe-de-chine, or sheer linen in white, pastel pink, blue, and lemon. Prices: Linen: (1 and 2) 2/9 ea., postage 3d. ea.; (3) 3/11, postage 4d. Crepe-de-chine: (1 and 2) 1/11 ea., postage 3d. ea.; (3) 2/8, postage 4d.

No. 734.—THREE (3) TEA-TOWELS

These lovely tea-towels are traced ready to embroider on Irish linen with blue, red, lemon, or green borders. Price: 8/11 ea., postage 6d., or set of three 17/3, postage 1/6.

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NOTE: Please make a second color choice of "Lelia." No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Fashion Frocks are sent by registered post.

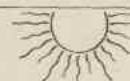


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WHAT AUSTRALIA'S BEST DRESSED MEN ARE WEARING



Men who wear these uniforms are Australia's finest types of gallant, alert and versatile manhood. Their uniforms distinguish them as the men who realise their personal and individual responsibility to defend Australia's freedom and way of life, its homes, its women and children, against the menace of international aggression.

Today, as in the last world war, we, all of us, pay tribute to the sailor, the soldier and the airman for the spirit in which they have responded to Australia's call. If anyone near and dear to you wears the uniform of the Navy, the Army or the Air Force, you may well be proud of him! Today, as never before in peacetime, Australia needs such men as these.

RAWLINS looked surprised. "You're not thinking of wearing your kilt in the Games?" he said.

"That's what I'm to do," Georgie told him.

"But look here, Georgie; no one else will be wearing a kilt."

"Well, it was the last thing I promised mum. 'Right, Mum,' I says, 'I'll wear the kilt.' So I'll be wearing it."

"I don't think you can wear it," said Bill, hovering between laughter and dismay. "Anyway, you'd look a bit ridiculous, wouldn't you? I mean, America's hardly a kilt-wearing country."

"No, but Scotland is," Georgie was hot and tired, fed up with sitting in a confined space.

Rawlins eyed him doubtfully.

"Well, I'll ask the committee, but I don't think they'll agree. They want everyone to be dressed alike."

"I canna' help it," said Georgie. "No kilt, no performance. You can tell them that." He looked out of the window at the traffic crowding helter-skelter into Boston.

Later Rawlins tried to persuade him again. "Look here, Georgie. It can't make any difference whether you wear a kilt or not. In fact, you'll do better in shorts; the thing's so heavy."

Then Harley: "It's not fair on the rest of the team. Besides you'd look conspicuous."

To which Georgie made no reply.

Finally Lord Pauncefoot, who was head of the committee: "After all, MacTaggart, it's a British team, not one from Scotland."

"I've said all I'm going to say," said Georgie. "I didn't want to come to America, but I was persuaded. My mind's made up."

"Why is he so obstinate about it?" said Pauncefoot afterwards. "He seems a nice feller."

"He's an obstinate character," said Rawlins. "But there must be some reason apart from his mother wanting him to wear it."

"How much do we need him?"

"He may turn out to be a flop, but I believe he's our only hope. That padre chap who trained him in Scotland wrote to me a fortnight ago. He said..." Rawlins looked around to see if any rival nations were in the offing, and lowered his voice to a whisper.

"What, really? Well, I suppose we'd better give way in that case. I don't like it, though. Pyjamas'll be the next national dress."

So Georgie was given permission to perform in dad's Black Watch kilt.

Georgie and Helga walked through one of Boston's public gardens past the foreign-looking flowers and the boats with big swans at the back, under the elm trees where the grass was very green.

"Let us see the shops," said Helga when they came near to the street. So they crossed and looked into the shop windows.

Helga kept him waiting a good long time outside a hat shop while she scanned the windows. He watched the folk passing for a bit; then he watched the cars; finally for want of anything better to do he began to watch the hats.

Geordie Continued from page 42

The idea came to him all of a sudden. This was the very present for Jean.

Not any hat, but that one there: that one there made of green straw stuff with rows and rows of grapes all round it, and a red feather and a veil hanging down the front. It was just the thing Jean would like fine to wear to the Kirk on Sundays. It was a beauty of a hat.

"Helga," he said, "see you hat! I was thinkin' mebbe I'd get it for Jean."

"You mean the hat with so many fruits?"

Geordie nodded.

"But you are sure? Would such a hat suit Jean?"

"Och, yes. You's a braw hat."

Helga shrugged her wide and graceful shoulders. Who was she to stop him giving a dreadful hat to that girl in Scotland?

"I'll just get it," said Georgie. He strode bravely into the strange environment of a ladies' hat shop in Boston, and bought the hat from a middle-aged sales lady whose heart fluttered agreeably at the sight of him.

Geordie and Helga walked on down the street. He carried the big hat-box under his arm.

They were waiting to cross the road when it happened. Georgie chanced to be looking across the street. He saw a man, youngish and pale, step off the pavement, glance up to his left and hurry on.

It was queer that the young man wouldn't have seen the car bearing down on him, a shabby black car, higher than the new ones. But he was nearly in front of it when the driver saw him coming out, and swung the car across the road, going too fast to stop.

There was nothing the big van coming the other way could do about it except try to stop, but it was moving fast, too. Brakes screeched, one horn sounded for a second before the car and the van crashed into one another.

The van was tall and heavy. It tipped the car neatly over on its side and on to its back. There was a crunch of metal slithering to a stop and the underneath of the car was tilted up there, and one of the front wheels still turned slowly.

Geordie shoved the hat-box into Helga's hand and ran out. The young man was lying on his back with the whole weight of the car bearing down on him. The sweat was all over his twisted face. He wasn't nice to see.

A policeman and the van driver were trying to lift the car, but they couldn't budge it. The car driver was still inside; but he didn't look hurt. He struggled with the door upside down.

"Here, I'll lift it," said Georgie. "One o' you pull him out."

He got his hands under the sharp corner of the roof, feet apart, trying to straighten his back; but it was heavy, it wouldn't come.

Geordie closed his eyes and heaved again, heaving against his held breath, against the strong pillars of his legs. He heaved until the

darkness behind his eyes was a red hammering.

And the car came up. He only held it for a couple of seconds, but that was time enough. They pulled the chap out from underneath.

An ambulance arrived then and they loaded him in—a broken arm and a broken leg, compound it looked like, one of the ambulance men said; but he said his chest was O.K. Lucky enough to get off as light as that.

Geordie would have slipped away if it hadn't been for the young reporter who happened to see the crash. He came over in a hurry.

"The Globe," he panted.

"Dicky Martin from the 'Boston Globe.' Did you lift that car alone?"

"I'll say he did," said the policeman.

Young Mr. Martin, who was about Georgie's own age, shepherded him over to the sidewalk.

Helga had joined them then.

"He's the famous shot-putter from Scotland," said Helga. "He is in the Olympics to-morrow."

Dicky Martin lost all his composure for a moment. "Oh gee, oh golly," he gasped. "This is a story."

He began firing questions and scribbling down the answers that Georgie gave, and certain embellishments which occurred to his fertile imagination. He was a very bright cub reporter, slated for success.

Finally he found a photographer who took a picture of Georgie and Helga standing beside Dicky Martin for a comparison of sizes.

"Will it be in the papers?" asked Georgie.

"Sure it will," said Martin. It was! When Bill Rawlins brought him the paper next day Georgie could hardly believe his eyes. The headlines stared him in the face.

"KILT-WEARING CALEDONIAN'S FEAT OF STRENGTH ON EVE OF OLYMPICS"

"Geordie MacTaggart, copper-haired giant from away up the glen, performed a remarkable feat late yesterday raising an upset auto unaided to free the victim of a Tremont pile up..."

It went on for a whole column, praising Georgie for taking the risk of a strain to his muscles, ending up by saying that if an American couldn't win the shot-putting, then the "Boston Globe" hoped that modest Georgie would.

The picture of him and Helga and wee Dicky Martin was in the middle of the page; it was a right good snap, Georgie thought. He read the story through; then he looked up to see Bill smiling at him.

"Come on now, Georgie," he said. "Out of bed, you great lump! This is our big day."

Outside the entrance to the stadium, all the athletes, dressed in white clothes, were standing waiting group by group, nation by nation, talking and then silent again, the conversation rippling on and off along the line.

Geordie could feel the nervousness in himself, and he could hear the crowd beyond the high wall.

Please turn to page 50

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By GUS



Backache better?



Yes, I'm a changed woman!

Yes! Her backache's better because her kidneys are better. And her kidneys are better because she has taken a medicine specially made to restore tired kidneys to healthy activity—De Witt's Pills.

It is when the kidneys become slack and sluggish that trouble follows. Impurities that should have been banished from the body are allowed to remain. These circulate and settle in the system to set up all sorts of distressing symptoms. So get those kidneys right again—and use the right medicine for the purpose.

The world-famous De Witt's Pills are made specially to restore weak and sluggish kidneys to their full vigour. Swiftly they work—cleansing, stimulating and retuning these vital organs until, in a surprisingly short space of time, new health and vigour return. Our files are full of glowing testimony to the powers of this tried and trusted family medicine.

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Spaghetti
time!

"tasty long strands &
fully matured cheese"



Dine with
Rosella





BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

Monday night's dinner can be just as tempting as dinner on any other night even if the week-end's left-overs are used.

HERE are two menus that are suitable for a Monday night's dinner. Use these and plan others on similar lines, and the family will be wishing that Monday night would come more often. All spoon measurements are level.

CURRY AND RICE

Three cups diced cooked meat, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 green apple, 1 small onion, 1 tablespoon curry powder (or more or less according to taste), 1 tablespoon flour, 1 dessert-spoon sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint meat or vegetable stock or water, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup grated carrot, salt, pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup rice (or substitute), lemon slices or wedges, and parsley to garnish.

Melt fat in saucepan, add choopped onion and apple. Fry lightly, add curry powder, flour, and sugar. Cook 2 or 3 minutes, stirring all the time. Add lemon juice, stock, and carrot. Stir until boiling, simmer 10 to 15 minutes or until carrot is quite tender. Add meat, season with salt and pepper, and cook a further 5 minutes. Serve on hot dish,

garnish with cooked rice or rice substitute and lemon wedges or slices and parsley.

FRUIT CAKE

Six ounces butter or other shortening, 6oz. brown sugar, grated rind and juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ orange and $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, 3 eggs, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. mixed fruit, 3 cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon bi-carbonate soda, 1 teaspoon spice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk.

Cream shortening with sugar and fruit rinds. Add eggs one at a time and beat well. Add fruit alternately with sifted dry ingredients. Lastly add milk and mix well. Turn into 7in. square or round tin lined with one layer of white and one layer of brown paper. Bake in moderate oven

MENU 1

(Illustrated above)
Chilled Tomato Juice
Curry and Rice
Peas, Potatoes, Carrots
Biscuits and Cheese
Fruit Cake
Coffee

MENU 2

Lamb Mayonnaise with Mint
Jelly Shapes
Lettuce, Tomato, Sliced
Cucumber, Grated Carrot
Potato Salad
Quick Fruit Betty
Coffee

MENU NO. 1, as it appears on the table. It is a healthful, well-balanced meal, good to look at and a pleasure to eat.

(350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) 2 to 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Allow to cool in tin, do not remove paper until ready to cut.

LAMB MAYONNAISE WITH MINT JELLY

Two cups minced cooked lamb, 1 tablespoon chopped shallot or 1 dessertspoon finely chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup finely diced celery, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup mayonnaise, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped mint, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup boiling water, 1 table-spoon sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup vinegar, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon gelatine, lettuce leaves, tomato, cucumber, grated carrot.

Mix lamb with shallot, parsley, and celery. Add mayonnaise and toss lightly to mix. Cover and allow to become very cold. Pour boiling water over chopped mint, add sugar, vinegar, salt, pepper, and gelatine. Stir until gelatine is dissolved. Set in tiny wetted moulds, or set in one tin and chop roughly when set. Fill lettuce cups with meat mixture, arrange on salad platter with tomato, cucumber, and grated carrot. Garnish platter with mint jelly shapes or top meat with a spoonful of chopped mint jelly.

QUICK FRUIT BETTY

Three cups stewed fruit with syrup (apple or rhubarb or a mixture of both makes a delicious dessert), $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups soft breadcrumbs, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup coconut, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Place fruit and syrup in ovenware dish. Mix all other ingredients together and sprinkle over top of fruit. Bake in moderate oven about 25 minutes. Allow to become cold, chill, and serve with cream, ice-cream, or custard.



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Luscious pie wins £5

● A velvet-smooth butterscotch-filled pie, flavored with walnuts and topped with cream, wins a prize of £5 in this week's cookery contest.

A PRIZE of £5 is awarded for the best recipe of the week and £1 is given for other recipes published.

All spoon measurements are level. Please give level measurements in your entry. Accurate measurements are necessary for good results!

WALNUT BUTTERSCOTCH PIE

One 8in. cooked sweet pastry case, 1 cup brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, 2 tablespoons cornflour blended with a little milk, pinch salt, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla essence, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup walnut pieces, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream and 1 tablespoon icing-sugar or $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mock cream.

Place brown sugar and water in saucepan, bring to boiling point, and simmer until thickened slightly and syrupy. Allow to cool. Beat eggs with salt, add blended cornflour and milk. Cook over gentle heat, stirring constantly, until mixture boils, simmer 2 minutes. Cool slightly, stir in half the brown sugar syrup, and flavor with vanilla essence. Fill this mixture into a baked pastry case, and when quite cold top with walnut pieces. Pour remaining syrup over walnut pieces. Beat cream until thick and sweeten with icing-sugar. Pile on top of walnuts and syrup. Chill thoroughly.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. R. Buckley, Griffith Street, Everton Park, Brisbane.

MEAT AND VEGETABLE PIE

Meat Crust: One pound cooked minced steak or meat left from a joint, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 dessert-spoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 dessert-spoon grated onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 egg, salt, and pepper.

Creamed Vegetable Filling: Two cups cooked diced vegetables, 1 teaspoon onion juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mixed mustard (may be omitted), 2 cups medium thickness white sauce, salt, and pepper, 4 or 5 thin slices of cheese, parsley to garnish.

Combine cooked minced steak with breadcrumbs, sauces, onion, parsley, and beaten egg. Season with salt and pepper and press over base and sides of greased casserole dish. Mix all filling ingredients together except cheese and parsley and fill into meat-lined casserole. Top with cheese slices and place in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) for 15 to 20 minutes until thoroughly re-heated and cheese is sizzling. Garnish with parsley, serve piping hot.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Hattam, 20 Casey Street, Bendigo, Vic.

PEAR ROYALE

Six firm ripe pears, 6 tablespoons cake crumbs, 1 tablespoon apricot jam, a few drops almond essence, 4 egg-whites, 8 tablespoons sugar, lemon juice, vanilla essence, coconut and almonds to decorate.

Peel pears, remove cores carefully with an apple corer, cover with slightly salted water until required (to prevent discoloration). Combine cake crumbs, apricot jam, and almond essence to taste. Beat egg-whites until stiff and frothy, gradually add sugar and continue beating until sugar is dissolved. Flavor with a little lemon juice and vanilla. Fill meringue into a forcing bag. If you do not own a forcing bag make a cone-shaped bag with strong greaseproof paper and cut a hole in the pointed end. Dry pears, fill centres with cake crumb mixture. Stand pears on

MINCED COLD MEAT AND VEGETABLES, mixed with breadcrumbs, two beaten eggs, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, and baked until set is an appetising luncheon casserole served with Melba toast.

greased tray. Pipe meringue in layers round pears, starting at the bottom and ending at the top with an upward peak. Stick sides of each pear with 4 or 5 blanched almonds and lightly sprinkle with coconut. Bake in a slow oven (300deg. F. gas, 350deg. F. electric) approximately $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours until meringue is set and pears cooked (test with a fine skewer). Serve hot or cold with or without cream or ice-cream.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. K. Lee, 393 Burns Bay Road, Lane Cove, N.S.W.

APPLE CRUMB TARTLETS

Eight ounces sweet shortcrust pastry, 2 apples, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon water, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups stale cake crumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, 2 tablespoons chopped raisins, 1 egg, raspberry or apricot jam.

Roll pastry thinly, line patty-tins. Simmer peeled, cored, and sliced apples to a pulp with water, sugar, and lemon rind. Cool, add crumbs, cinnamon, raisins, and egg-yolk. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-white. Place $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon jam in base of each pastry case, fill with apple crumb mixture. Bake in a hot oven (400deg. F. gas, 450deg. F. electric) 15 to 20 minutes. Serve hot with custard or cream as a dinner sweet or cold and iced with lemon icing for afternoon teas.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss Glenda Elvy, 6 McArthur Street, Fairfield, N.S.W.

DENTAL DECAY

By Sister MARY JACOB,
Our Mothercraft Nurse

DEVELOPMENT of baby's teeth begins a few months after conception.

Pre-natal care and the diet of the mother during pregnancy help prevent later tooth decay.

After birth, breast feeding is a most valuable asset. Mother's milk is baby's natural food, and the sucking exercise helps to develop strong jaws in which the teeth can be well spaced.

If a baby has to be bottle-fed, the bottle should be held properly, and the teat should be firm to encourage vigorous sucking.

Diet should be well balanced and suited to baby's needs, rich in vitamins and mineral salts.

These and other important facts are discussed in a leaflet which can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed with the request.

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A.W.W. 131

Prizes for good gardeners

YOU do not have to own an elaborately laid out garden to win a prize in our garden picture contest.

A clear snapshot of a collection of potplants, a water-lily pond, or a window garden stands as good a chance in the competition as a picture of a garden that cost hundreds of pounds to landscape.

A weekly prize of £2/2/- will be paid for the best black-and-white garden photograph and account of cultivation methods.

A special prize of £5 will also be

paid for any color transparencies used. Black-and-white snapshots should be printed on glossy paper and be accompanied by negatives.

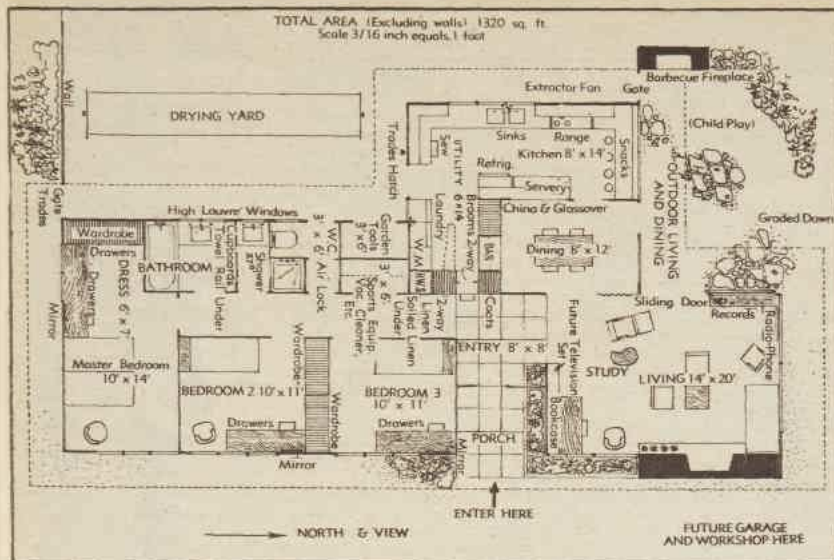
Only transparencies will be accepted for color studies.

All entries must be forwarded to the "Home Gardener," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Negatives will be returned if stamped, addressed envelopes are included with entries.

Provided each entry complies with the requirements set out above each person may submit any number of entries.

Entry in home competition



NOT ONLY IS THIS FAMILY HOME planned for the sun, but large landscape windows and doors linking many parts of the house with the outdoors give a feeling of space and air. The home is designed for seaside, country-town, or suburban living.

Lacquered timber house planned to let in sun and air

This is the second of the plans to be published each week until the judging of our £4000 "Plan-A-Home" contest is completed.

Although it is possible that none of the plans published in this series will win a prize, all are interesting examples of the standard of designs submitted.

HERE are some of the general remarks accompanying the plan, which was sent in by a Melbourne reader:

"The house is built on a reinforced concrete slab. The frame is oregon, the floors jarrah. The outside walls are sheathed in vertical clear-lacquered pine boards. The monoslope roofs and decking are covered with tar and gravel, or crushed quartz. Total area, excluding walls, is 1320 sq. feet.

"The house is planned on the 'form-follows-function' principle. It is designed to make the utmost use of the sun—bringing it to the rooms which need it most, when they need it most.

"The interior is linked with the garden by large windows, doors, and an outside flower-box continuing into the entry hall.

"Living, working, and sleeping zones are kept apart from each other for all-round convenience and quiet.

"Plumbing is as compact and in-line as possible.

"Entry to the house is on the eastern side, away from the bad weather. The two-way linen closet and telephone desk save steps. The bedrooms are also on the eastern side so that they get the morning sun and are not too hot at night.

"The living-room is large enough for entertaining. It captures the sun and view. Six feet of the west wall slides aside to give access to the outdoor living area. One corner of the room can be used as a study.

"The dining-room adjoins the living-room. Here again is a door leading into the garden.

"The outdoor living and dining area is paved with quarried stone, and graded down to the lawn and the barbecue fireplace.

"This area is sheltered from cold winds, and is hidden from the fence

by a shrubbery, making an ideal afternoon-into-evening spot for the warmer months.

"The kitchen and utility zone gets the sun and the view, and is a complete working area for the housewife. A counter is built in for quick snacks and breakfast.

"The kitchen is well equipped with storage space, work benches, and appliances, with a corner for sewing or rotary ironing.

"Equal importance has been given to the utility room, which opens on to the service and drying yard.

"The bathroom zone is designed to save time in the early morning peak period. The W.C. is accessible from the service yard.

"Much of the furniture is built in. All furniture is made of blond woods. Most of the chairs are upholstered in laced webbing. A few, based on foam latex, have wool coverings to soften the general appearance.

"The living-room has a large quarried-stone fireplace wall. The north and west windows are of plate glass, starting two feet from the floor, with pelmeted heads. There is a built-in radio record storage unit below the windows, a bookcase on the wall of the study corner, with a simple built-in desk below.

"There are two flush, square ceiling fittings, and two upward cup lights on the fireplace wall. Goose-neck lamps are placed over the divan and desk, and there is also a wooden standard lamp.

"The wall-to-wall carpet is of deepest green, and the sliding curtains are in a matching green. The walls and ceilings are dull-finished in light grey, with the wood trims a shade darker. Upholstery is mainly rust, with a few yellow pieces. Venetian blinds are canary-yellow.

"A large picture hangs above the fireplace. It is an autumn scene, repeating the rusts and yel-

lows in the room, and is framed in chalk-white.

"In fine weather the windows are the feature of the room, at night and in winter the fireplace.

"The dining-room is divided from the living-room by a rust half-curtain to screen the view for table-setting. This room also has a landscape window, finished in the same colors as the living-room.

"The small built-in bar has a storage cabinet for drinks, shelves for glasses, and a bench for mixing.

"An 18in.-high servery goes through into the kitchen, as does the glassware and china cupboard above it. Below the servery is a two-way cutlery drawer.

"Here the lighting consists only of a flush circular louvre fitting in the ceiling above the dining-table, and a downward cup light over the bar.

"The kitchen and utility area has wide north windows above a snack counter and shelf. Over the electric range is an extractor fan to draw off cooking heat and odors. There is a double sink. The refrigerator is placed on the cooler wall, and the sewing corner has a trades hatch below the bench.

"In the laundry is a broom closet that can also store the ironing board, iron, and soaps. Two troughs and a wash boiler or washing machine are provided for.

"Rubber flooring is dark blue, wall and ceiling ivory enamelled, and cabinets and appliances white enamelled. The counter tops are mid-blue, the venetian blinds ivory, with yellow tapes to match the handles, stools, and chair tops.

"In the entry hall of the house is a square flush ceiling fitting, and a tiny spotlight in the roof shining on the flower box. There is a wall light over the telephone desk.

"The floor is paved with mid-grey tiles or simulated tiles, the walls and ceiling are amber, with flat white wood trims. The webbing on the phone stool is deep grey. A picture framed in flat white hangs on the west wall.

"The passage is carpeted in deep grey, and has biscuit-colored walls, ceiling, and wood trims.

"The master bedroom has a built-in wardrobe and dressing table-drawers unit. A large, white-framed picture hangs on the north wall, three small ones hang on the south wall, and there is a white shadow box on the north wall of the dressing alcove."

HOUSE-FLY 1951 ASKS A QUESTION ...



And here is the reply given by Uncle House-fly:

"D.D.T., child, was once regarded as the most important ingredient of insect sprays. And, in its day, it was quite important. It was a delayed-action killer of flies and mosquitoes. In fact, the unfortunate demise of my great-grandfather is possibly attributable to D.D.T."



"However, in the words of the poet:

"The modern fly is a tougher guy Than the fly of yester-year ..."

"The truth is that each succeeding generation of us has become increasingly immune to D.D.T. You, for instance, are able to treat D.D.T. with some degree of contempt. I'm not suggesting that you deliberately walk into D.D.T. (the results may ultimately be fatal), but I am telling you that we flies are faced with a far greater and deadlier threat than D.D.T. I'm referring to Pyrethrum."

"Once your fuselage gets sprayed with a spray containing pyrethrum, you're a gone coon. You'll go out like a light. You won't be with us any more."

"Here in Australia, the deadliest of all sprays, from that point of view, is MORTEIN. Mortein, unlike ordinary insect sprays, contains pyrethrum as well as D.D.T. I'm warning you, child, Mortein is sudden death: and I don't mean maybe!"



Mortein

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RISES TO THE OCCASION — PERFECTLY

Geordie *Continued from page 45*

THE British team had drawn last place in the procession, and because Geordie was dressed differently they had asked him to march at the very back.

So he stood alone now, waiting for the doors to open up there in front, and the head of the procession to wheel into the arena where the people waited careless and comfortable with nothing to do but watch.

The doors swung open. Geordie brushed the last piece of dust from his dark kilt, hitching it up so that it hung evenly all the way round. A band was playing somewhere beyond that high wall. The front of the column began to move. The head of the elegant white snake swung through the doors. The whole column rippled from suspense to action, and the first sound of cheering came from the arena.

Now Geordie came through the door, following the men ahead of him, hearing the waves of cheering flow and ebb, high voices and deep, and the noise a living thing in the sunlight.

His legs went easily to whatever tune the band was playing, and he swung his arms as dad had taught him long ago, chest square, chin in, with the pleats of the kilt swinging in rhythm. But something sharp came through the noisy air.

It was a call for him, "Hi, Geordie!" in a man's voice of strength, and the cheering doubled after that, and Geordie marched on alone at the tail of the column.

Jim Cameron was by himself in the unreserved seats where the sun was hot. He was from Wyoming, buying blood horses in the East.

He watched the stalwart German team, the springy Finns, the tall Americans marching with limber strides. He watched the other nations pass, all of them, until there were only the British still to come.

Jim Cameron saw them briefly; then his eyes moved to the solitary kilted boy. He looked a lonely giant in his different clothes.

Jim watched him casually at first, with the measuring, dispassionate eye which breeders turn to any living thing. He remembered the story in the "Globe"; half-heard the people talk around him; half-heard the sigh of a pretty woman whose eyes were looking that way too.

"A man like that in a kilt does something to me," said the pretty woman to her companion.

It does something to me, too, Jim thought. Twenty-five years since I came over; twenty years since I was a grown-up American, twenty years since I forgot the feeling of the seeing of the kilt. But I see the place again now.

I see something that I never saw back in Wyoming in my home. I thought it left me long ago; but it never went away.

The tears ran down Jim Cameron's cheeks, and he was not ashamed. He filled his lungs of brass and called to Geordie. He called for the bare-footed days of his childhood, he called for Scotland, called in the voice of America: "Hi, Geordie!"

Now the back of the column was swinging round the stadium, coming into the straight which lay below the covered stands. The cheering rose and fell as the people greeted each passing group, cordially with shouts, coolly with polite clapping.

As was natural and right, the American team received the high ovation; but next after them the greatest shouts were for Geordie. It is a strange thing the capturing of human fancy—when a single man or a single woman will arouse warm ownership in a hundred thousand. And that was what Geordie did.

The news story that morning, the

handsome size of him, sombre and stolid yet light of foot, the unfamiliar dress he wore, his last place in the company of athletes; it must have been a harmony of all these things.

He knew it as he marched on to the changing tunes of every country. He knew that the people cheered for him. But Geordie was not there. He marched proudly for the sake of Scotland. His mind flickered from America to home and Jean.

Then the band changed to the English tune, "The British Grenadiers," and Geordie came part of the way back from his day-dreaming. He saw the backs straighten in front and arms swing higher. They were coming to the place of salute where the President of the United States stood on a platform, grey hat held across his chest.

Geordie was still twenty paces from the President when the music changed again. They hadn't changed it in the practice yesterday. This was something unrehearsed.

The new tune sent a shiver up and down his back. It was "Highland Laddie," not played with the tangle-jangle of the pipes, but "Highland Laddie" all the same, bearing its own message for him in a green arena in a foreign land.

The President looked straight at Geordie, tilted his chin, smiled a little. Then he was away behind, and the Eyes Front was given, and the Highland tune was company.

This time Geordie's thoughts did not hover betwixt and between. He was ten years old, walking with his dad into the Queen's Barracks, into the grey parade ground in a grey part of a city.

GEORDIE and his dad never spoke for the whole half-hour they were watching march and counter march, forming circle, hearing strathspey and quick reel-time, the slow fife of "Lochaber No More." But it was "Highland Laddie" that carried you away, took you on its wild flood and fixed the memory of that one evening so that you remembered it ten years later in Boston, Massachusetts, in the U.S.A.

There was more to remember too. There was a big voice sounding behind: "MacTaggart!" Dad gave a jump and turned round and stiffened up, bringing his heels together in a comical out-of-practice way. "Yessir," he said.

The chap was dressed up like an officer, with a fancy belt, and he had a wide moustache on him. He looked fierce even when he smiled for a second at dad. And for all his officer's get-up he spoke broad. "This your laddie?"

"Yessir," said dad, still standing stiff even though it was right years since he finished his time in the regiment. "Geordie's his name."

The big man took his glove off and shook hands solemnly with Geordie, and went away, no words spoken.

"Wha's yon, Dad?" asked Geordie. "Yon's the great Charlie Scott," said dad. "R.S.M. in my day, Q.M. now, and a right terror. I'm scared o' him yet." Dad laughed. It was the first time Geordie had ever heard of him being scared of anything or anybody.

But swinging round the end of the track, coming back now to the doors where they had entered the arena, Geordie understood why his dad had gone sometimes to see the kilt hanging in the cupboard; why he had given it to him specially on the day before he died.

The big doors closed off the noise behind him. Geordie was outside again. The beginning of the day was over.

To be concluded

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SEND your orders for Fashion Patterns (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your city. Or patterns may be obtained from our offices at: Newspaper House, 247 Collins Street, Melbourne; Royal Insurance Building, 13 Grenfell Street, Adelaide; The Examiner, 71-77 Paterson Street, Launceston; 81 Elizabeth Street, Brisbane; 163 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

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Nyl Indurated Tablets	1	2	2
Nyl Antacid Powder	2	2	2
Nyl Children's Iron Tonic	2	3	3
Nyl Brucanitis Mixture	2	2	2
Nyl Kwik Tan Cream	2	2	2
Nyl Kwik Tan Oil	2	2	2

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